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COUNTRY LIFE

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Improved Methods of Feeding

MUCH of a farmer's time and a great deal of his money are spent in obtaining the right foods for his animals, and in these days when their cost is considerable it is a matter of importance to him if he can obtain supplies that are both cheap and of high quality. In a recent address at the Farmers' Club Professor T. B. Wood of Cambridge gave some interesting information on the nutritive value of different types of foods, and showed what progress had been made at research stations towards increasing the supply of foods produced at home. At present farmers depend very largely on imported foods for feeding their stock. Broadly speaking, the post-war policy has been to lay down as much land as possible to grass, and to feed cattle on the hay produced, extensively supplemented with concentrated foods. The Boutflower doctrine of feeding has done much to stimulate this policy, but it is not without its economic defects. A farm which can produce most of the food necessary for its stock has the advantage of being self-supporting, a state of affairs which is always desirable and possesses more than a sentimental attraction.

The results of research recently carried out at Cambridge are important because of the light they throw on the nutritive value of different kinds of foods. On this subject there is still a good deal of prejudice to be overcome. Farmers who have been in the habit of pursuing a set policy over a number of years are apt to view any new suggestions with suspicion, but when stern economic necessity stares them in the face they have no choice but to adapt and modernise their practice. A great deal of attention is now being paid to the development of our pasture land. Professor Wood showed that the annual production of home-grown cereals in the British Isles does not exceed six or seven million tons, while our grassland produces five or six times this amount of hay. The total production of coarse fodder is about fifty million tons, whereas the total concentrates available for animal feeding, taking into account home-grown and imported foods, and including the dry weight of roots and forage, is only sixteen million tons per annum. This disproportion of three tons of coarse fodder to every ton of concentrated is obviously an obstacle in the way of high production. Cows, for instance, giving high yields of milk need a ration of which more than half is concentrated. For fattening pigs concentrated foods are used almost exclusively, and although more coarse fodder can be given to sheep and cattle, they should not be fed on this kind of food to the extent that is usually supposed. It was with these facts in mind that Professor Wood asked whether it is possible to increase our home supply of concentrates so that it may no longer be necessary for farmers to rely so much on imported products.

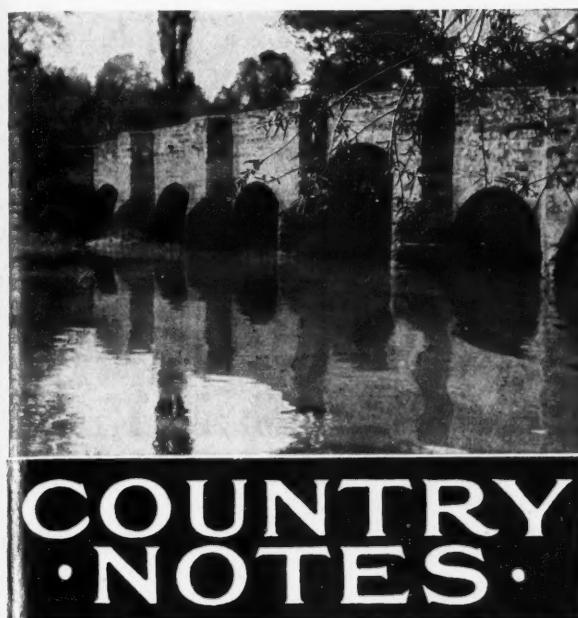
The answer to this question depends on the possibility of utilising grass more extensively to take the place of concentrated foods. Dr. Woodman has shown at Cambridge that grass in its early stages of growth gives a dry matter which approaches the composition of linseed cake. The work done by the fertilising branch of Imperial Chemical Industries suggests that controlled grazing and the liberal use of nitrogenous fertilisers in combination with the other essential plant foods can effectively increase the stock-carrying capacity of our grasslands and at the same time yield a feeding material greatly in advance of the produce of ordinary grassland. It has to be recognised, however, that there are limitations to the practice of rotational and controlled grazings. Research in this connection is now being directed towards the preservation of these early growths if it is impossible to utilise them fully with the stock available during the growing season. Experiments are in progress to evolve commercial methods of cutting and drying young grass in its most nutritive stages, while at Cambridge full use is made of silos for this purpose. It is anticipated, for example, that early cut grass converted into silage will be considerably more nutritious than silage made from tares and cereal mixture, a kind of fodder which is now very popular.

Home-grown cereals might also be used for feeding purposes to a far greater extent than they are. Wheat and barley are both ideal foods for supplementing young grass, and at present their prices are much cheaper than those of maize meal or sharps. Arising out of this situation there remains the question of the policy to be followed in the future over cropping arable land. If the demand for imported foods continues to grow as it has during the last four years, it is highly probable that it will be economically sound to concentrate upon crops which can be entirely consumed at home. This would be quite a reversal of the position which has obtained in recent years, when it has paid farmers to grow the more profitable of the selling-off crops and to buy in the necessary concentrates.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Anne Cavendish, who is the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

*** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

HERE is in this imperfect world no condition so blissful but that somebody will grumble at it. We may hope, however, that those who complained that the weather at Whitsuntide was too hot were very few indeed. Three more ideal days, whether for the holiday maker who set out on high adventures, or the holiday maker who stayed cautiously and tranquilly in his own garden, could hardly be conceived, and we ought all to be intensely grateful for having once more felt the sun blazing on our backs. Only one thing a little dimmed the glory of this holiday, and that was the long and apparently inevitable list of fatal accidents on the roads. It is depressing to wake up on such a golden morning as was last Monday's and to reflect that a number of people then setting out in high feather on their junketings will certainly be killed before nightfall either through their own carelessness or through somebody else's. The number of accidents may vary a little with individual holidays, but it is always appallingly large, and if this state of things continues, it will be the part of a prudent man to avoid the road on Bank Holidays as he would the plague.

MOST of us returned, no doubt, if we spent the brief respite away from home to find a greater accumulation than ever before of circulars, leaflets and letters all urging us to record our vote next week like the good citizens that we are. What will be the result of it all nobody seems any better able to forecast than they could six months ago. The chief fact which has so far emerged is that in practically every constituency of the kingdom there will be next week a majority of women voters and that the total majority of women voters in the country will well exceed a million and a half. No politician of any party is likely to waste much time in pointing out that whatever level of political interest and intelligence had been established up to a few years ago must have been considerably diminished by the sudden enfranchisement of an extra seven million voters. But to the ordinary man or woman who takes the business of government seriously the choice seems to lie between the purely cynical view that it does not greatly matter to whom is entrusted the business of misgoverning mankind and the rather distant hope that the education of the last fifty years may be beginning to tell, and that the results of the polls when they are disclosed may show us that the vast electorate of these days is becoming capable of thinking politically.

LORD ROSEBERY has been so long retired from public life that to many of the public, and particularly to the post-war generation, he must have been entirely unknown. By his own generation he was justly regarded as the spoilt darling of the gods. Born with wealth, position, influence and everything these things can give,

he had besides a fine intellect, an unlimited interest in the best things of life and a *flair* for statesmanship (though hardly for politics) which has seldom been surpassed. Only the younger Pitt, perhaps—his own political hero—had equal talents and advantages. By the year 1894, when Lord Rosebery succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Liberal Prime Minister, he had already, at the age of forty-six, tasted almost every possible kind of success. In the same year he won the Derby and the Two Thousand Guineas with Ladas, and again in the following year won the Derby with Sir Visto—successes which probably gave him as much pleasure as any he won in the political arena. In 1896 he relinquished the Liberal leadership to Sir William Harcourt, and though he was afterwards one of the founders of the Liberal League and intervened with effect in politics during the South African War, it gradually became obvious that the best of his work was done.

HIS place as a statesman is still difficult to estimate.

The only convinced imperialist—if we except the late Sir Charles Dilke—among the leaders of the old Liberal party, he found himself for much of his life ploughing, as he said, a very lonely furrow. But his influence on the younger Liberals of the South African War period was more than considerable, and his enthusiasm for the Empire and all it stands for did much to redeem his party from the charge of parochialism. He was an admirable Foreign Minister, with a profound knowledge of European politics. As an orator he was unsurpassed, and those who heard his famous speeches at Leeds and Chesterfield will never forget the charm of his presence or the magic of that silver tongue. In spite of his attachment to the Liberal party, he was a great aristocrat, holding firmly to his view that only those with traditions and leisure can govern wisely or live well. His own life was overshadowed by personal griefs of which the world knew little, and he never recovered from the blow dealt him when Neil Primrose—as gifted and debonair as his father before him—fell in action in Palestine.

GREEN WAYS.

When you and I come at the last
To Paradise the blest,
Think you our hearts shall find content,
Think you our feet shall rest,
Shall we not weary for the hills
And green ways of the west?

*O! crystal clear the streams that flow
Beside the Living Tree—
Is there in Heaven a stream more fair
Than Severn's silver sea,
Are there wide woods with hyacinths
Like lapis lazuli?*

*The heavenly ways are jewel set—
O! fields along the wold,
Where meadowsweet and kingcup stand
All ivory and gold,
And kindly shepherds pen their flocks
Into the friendly fold.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.

THE links of St. Andrews has a long history, on the pages of which are inscribed many great matches, but no one of them has been greater or more memorable than the final of the Ladies' Championship between our own Miss Joyce Wethered and the American Champion Miss Glenna Collett. Hemmed in by a wildly excited if impartial crowd, these two young ladies played golf that would have done the highest possible credit to any finalists in a male Championship, and showed a courage and coolness beyond all praise. Before the match started there was probably not one man, woman or child on the links who believed that Miss Wethered could lose. That faith was badly shaken by the astoundingly brilliant play of Miss Collett for the first eleven holes, but it was never shattered, and in the end was entirely justified. Nothing, perhaps, proved how incomparable a player Miss Wethered is than the fact that when she was only two holes down at the end of the

first round, everyone was sure she would win. If she now retires into private life, she will do so trailing clouds of the brightest possible glory. Other lady champions may arise, but we who have seen her play shall always say, if we live to be a hundred, "Ah, but you should just have seen Miss Wethered."

WHILE ivy continues to be the subject of much discussion, it is as well once again to emphasise the harm it does to buildings in hiding their design and damaging their stonework. The Universities have both been peculiarly slow to recognise this self-evident fact, Cambridge no less than Oxford, the traditional home of lost causes. In the last two or three years, however, some of the colleges, when taken to task, have stripped off superfluous growths of creepers to the immense advantage of their buildings. A walk round Cambridge shows how much the old court of Corpus and the cloisters of Queens' are improved since the ivy has been removed and the architecture suffered to show itself. Virginia creeper is not so destructive as ivy, but it equally obscures the beauty of a building during the summer months. The exterior of the chapel of Saint Catherine's, for some reason only known to its Fellows, has its fine lines swathed and muffled as though it were something to be ashamed of. On ugly modern buildings—of which there are many in Oxford and Cambridge—creepers are often a desirable camouflage, but even here wisteria, jessamine and tamarisk are all much more attractive than the omnipresent ampelopsis.

THE committee appointed by the Home Secretary last summer to advise on the design and control of petrol filling stations has now issued a report embodying its recommendations. As is to be expected over a matter in which many interests are concerned, the measures suggested are cautious and may seem rather inadequate to those who are vitally interested in the preservation of the countryside. The general policy recommended to be followed is similar to that adopted over the control of posters, and a model by-law has been drawn up based on that which has come into force under the Advertisements Regulation Act. Although the local authorities would not be allowed to control the designs of stations, they could insist on certain rules being observed. All apparatus in one station would be painted the same colour, the use of corrugated iron and flashing lights would be forbidden, and the display of advertisements abolished. A standard sign is recommended for all filling stations, but the design selected in the recent competition would receive some amendment. Finally, in certain prescribed areas the erection of filling stations could be prohibited altogether. These regulations, if enforced, will at least do much to remove the worst eyesores on the roads, and the sooner they are adopted the better.

THE construction of a tunnel from Berkeley Square, under the Devonshire House flats, to the Mall has formed the subject of more than tentative negotiations between the Ministry of Transport and the owners of the flats. Though no plans are in existence, it appears that the depth of the tunnel, if it is decided on, has been agreed, and also the sum to be paid in compensation. No serious engineering difficulties are presented by the project, and the relief to traffic that it would offer is enormous. There are more tunnels in existence beneath London than is generally realised. There is, we believe, a vaulted passage from St. James's Palace to the neighbourhood of Berwick Market in Soho, the northern end of which is now a wine merchant's vault. From time to time subways are constructed under streets, but the authorities generally find that they are unpopular with the public, who prefer to court the dangers of the street. The chief reason is that these catacombs are of such a dismal countenance that neither haste, inclement weather nor the fear of death can command them. One can walk from South Kensington Station up the subway unscathed in body, but not in mind, so depressing is that tunnel. If the authorities enlivened them—with posters, for instance—they would find them made more use of, and also derive revenue from them.

TWO deplorable instances of "demolition for export" have recently drawn attention to the unsatisfactory state of the law for the protection of old buildings. The National Schedule of Ancient Monuments is largely concerned with earthworks and stone circles, and does not apply to inhabited houses. The Bradenstoke Tithe Barn is of precisely the type of building that should be scheduled under the existing law. The State Room at Gilling, although the bidding for it at auction is understood not to have reached the reserve, cannot be assumed to be safe. An extension of the schedule to inhabited houses is clearly necessary. But it would clearly be inequitable unless the owner is compensated adequately for forfeiting his right to do what he will with his own. The most just and efficacious procedure would be to couple a wide extension of protective scheduling with a scaled relief to the owners from taxation and rates, and a provision for the inspection of the "monument" by the public. The principle is acknowledged in respect of heirlooms and death duties, and we have frequently advocated preferential taxation of owners who, by opening their homes to the public, virtually support national monuments at their own cost. Whatever party returns to power after the election must face this problem if England's heritage is not to be bartered away.

TO AN OTTERHOUND.

Danger, by Dexter out of Daffodil,
Sister to Dorset, Dan and Dairymaid :
You were among the vanguard at the kill,
And when they found him, it was Danger bayed,
Sifting the tangle-threaded maze of scent,
And feathering slowly up the reedy ditch,
While all the others, wildly babbling, went
After the rioting tongue of Waterwitch.

From Bellman, Barmaid, Sportive, Pitiful,
I'd spot your waving stern and your bright head,
When puppies snarl and snap and tear and pull
In the mad scramble when the hounds are fed.
I'd recognise your deep-throat greeting still
From all the glad pack at the meet arrayed :
Danger, by Dexter out of Daffodil,
Sister to Dorset, Dan and Dairymaid.

J. C. M

THE breakdown of the Graf Zeppelin and the assistance so ungrudgingly afforded to her crew by the French authorities at Toulon has had an excellent effect on the relations between the two countries, and this at a peculiarly difficult moment. It is also of some importance to this country, for, in view of the approaching completion of the two British airships R 100 and R 101 about September, every flight by a lighter-than-air machine is being watched with anxious interest by our experts. There are so many pilots and able technical men who condemn them on practical, historical and theoretical grounds that the impartial observer is obliged to reserve judgment. The history of large rigid airships is anything but reassuring and to many people suggests that these vessels are dangerous and virtually useless in both peace and war. The incessant delays and alterations in the building of the R 100 and the R 101 have done much to shake that fictitious confidence in airships which Commander Burney's eloquence conjured up in 1924. Delays of weeks have extended into months, and months into years. Prophecies of high speeds and paying loads have become less rosy. The cost of construction has risen. As a result, few people to-day have that confidence in the future of airships that they possess in the future of aeroplanes. The aeroplane has proved its value; the airship has yet to do so. The constructors of R 100 and R 101 believe that they possess theoretical knowledge far in advance of that possessed by previous constructors of large rigid airships, and that no further serious accidents are likely to occur. This may be so; and if it is, airships may eventually take their place beside aeroplanes as proved, practical and safe transport vehicles. But at present every airship flight is an experiment.

BEFORE THE BALLOT-BOX DAYS



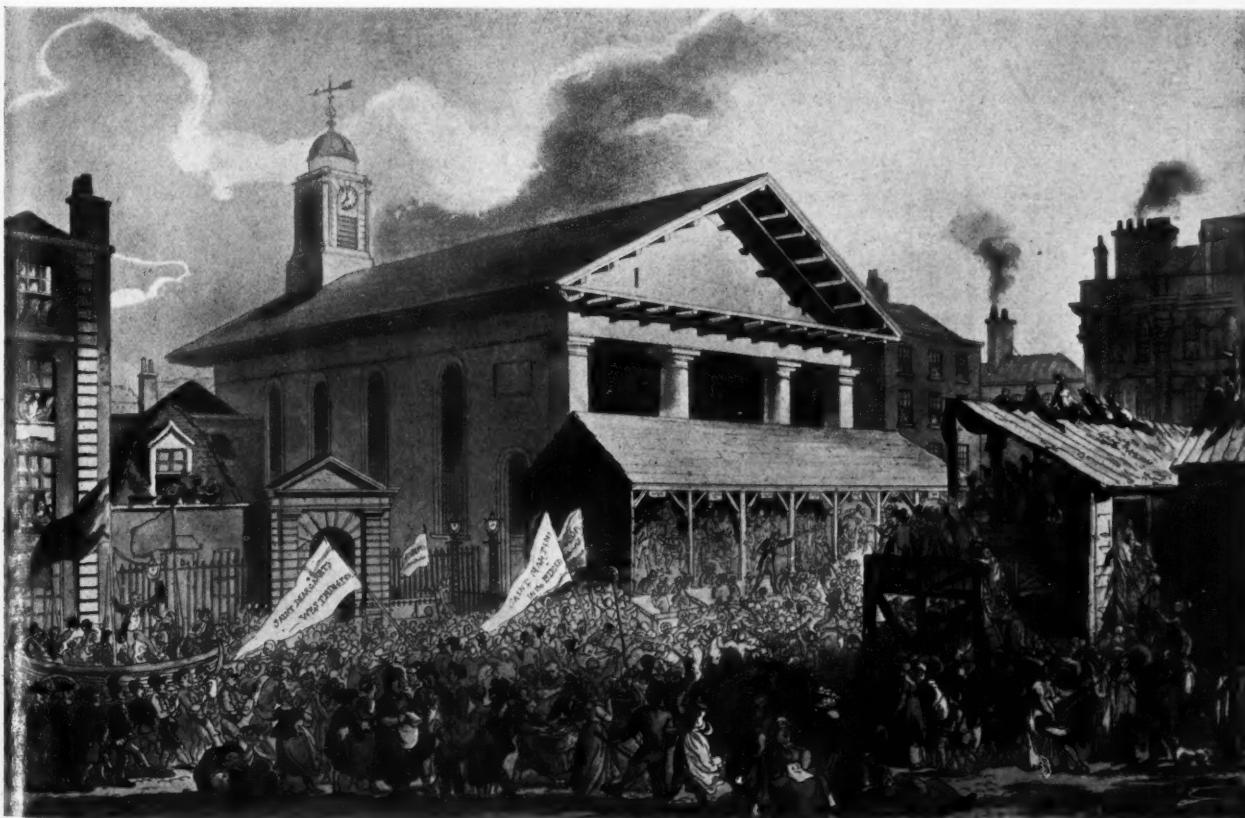
ANTICIPATIONS OF 1929 FROM THE "COMIC ALMANACK" OF 1858.

N a few days now we shall be plunged into the turmoil of one of the most important elections this country has ever known. The May election of 1929—it seems unsafe at present to suggest that there will not be another—marks an electoral revolution, though no political party has rushed forward to point it out, as great as that of 1832 and greater than that of 1867. The problems, then absurd and ludicrous, which amused the publishers of the above cartoon in the "Comic Almanack" for 1858 are now the commonplaces of everyday politics. We may imagine the consternation of the serious politicians of those days had they been told that in another seventy years there would be a majority of a million and a half women electors in this country! There are those who are almost equally horrified to-day, though, perhaps, they may be somewhat reassured when they reflect upon the equally farcical franchise and still more farcical electoral methods of the days before the ballot-box was invented or the franchise granted to the agricultural labourer.

Only the oldest of us nowadays can retain any vivid recollection of the "hustings," from which, on the day of "nomination," candidates for Parliament were wont to address (sometimes in dumb show and not unfrequently in imminent peril of their lives and limbs) an uproarious mob, supposed by

courtesy to consist of "the free and independent electors" of any given constituency. The remembrance of the scarcely less dangerous ceremony of "chairing" which awaited the victor in the contest is hardly as distinct, and before many more years have passed away the prologue of the British election—old style—will be as clean forgotten as the epilogue. By the advent of the ballot-box and the suppression of the "hustings," a complete transformation has been effected, although in other respects a continuity of ideas exists which is quite remarkable. From both a literary and pictorial point of view the subject of these old-world elections is almost inexhaustible. If the Low Countries of Europe were correctly described as the cock-pit of the Continent, Westminster, between 1700 and 1832, occupied a kindred position in relation to the electoral battles of the British metropolis; and it was in front of the classic portico of the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, within a stone's throw of the offices of COUNTRY LIFE, distant but a few paces from the ever-busy Strand, that the "hustings" were erected from which Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lord Hood, Lord Cochrane, Horne Tooke and Francis Burdett sought in turn the suffrages of their fellow-citizens.

It was here that the beautiful Duchesses of Devonshire and Portland canvassed, and here the not less comely object of the



"IN FRONT OF THE CLASSIC PORTICO OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN."

toast, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe," endeavoured to win the support of the most obstinate Pittite. The Westminster Election never failed to attract the attention of all England, and half a dozen volumes might be written on the annals of these political "battles of giants." It was these struggles for supremacy in Covent Garden which, in the course of sixty years, afforded such admirable opportunities to Hogarth, Sayer, Gillray, Rowlandson, Dighton, the Cruikshanks and a dozen less well known caricaturists.

It is highly amusing to glance through the *Parliamentary Companion* for 1810—a bulky duodecimo volume of seven hundred pages. From end to end it bristles with unconscious humour, for a spirit of commendable frankness certainly distinguishes the compiler. No secret is made of the preponderating influence of "noble houses," or the purchase of "pocket boroughs" by "returned nabobs" and wealthy brewers. Lord Rendlesham and Mr. Stuart Wortley, we learn, sit for Bossiney or Tintagel in Cornwall in virtue of the vote of the sole surviving "boroughman," with the Mayor as returning officer; nine "housekeepers" at Camelford in the same county are responsible for the presence in the House of Commons of Mr. Robert Adair and Lord Henry Petty, the great-grandfather of the present Marquess of Lansdowne;

different at Oxford, where a thousand Doctors and Masters of Arts are represented by the Speaker (Mr. Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester) and Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell). "Such," we are informed, "is the noble example of independence in elections set by this learned body, to all the other voters in this kingdom, that to declare an intention to canvass, or to treat, or even to be seen within the limits of the university, during a vacancy, would be considered by any candidate as a forfeiture of all favour." The "mayor, jurats and freemen" of Rye, nine in number, have, in obedience to the will of the Lambe family, returned Mr. Stephen Lushington and Sir W. Elford; while the 16,000 freeholders of Yorkshire, after a desperate struggle lasting fifteen days, have chosen Mr. William Wilberforce and Lord Milton, to the utter discomfiture of the House of Lascelles. The payers of "scot and lot" at Westminster were in 1807 almost as numerous as the Yorkshire freemen, and the last contest there had been quite as bitter and not much less costly than the great fight in the North.

The returning officer, then a high bailiff nominated by the Dean and Chapter, had duly certified the election of Sir Francis Burdett and Alexander, Lord Cochrane. The defeated candidates were Sheridan, Elliott ("an opulent brewer") and Paull



CANVASSING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AS HOGARTH SAW IT.

while two and twenty "burgage-holders" at Downton (a Wiltshire village) have returned Mr. Bartholomew Bouverie ("of the younger branch of the noble family of Radnor") and the King's Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Plomer. A note is added to the effect that "the Bishop of Winchester is lord of the borough of Downton, but possesses no influence in it. The burgage-tenure claims have produced no less than seven petitions between the Radnor family and the Shaftesbys in the course of 20 years." Evesham, we are informed, has chosen Sir Manasseh M. Lopes, "His ancestors," the editor continues, "were, we believe, of a religion which the Inquisition of either of the countries would have punished with all the cruelty and injustice usually attendant on an *auto da fe*; he himself, however, is a Christian, his lady is a Christian, and his chaplain, who dines with and says grace to his household daily, is a member of the Church of England, and therefore a Christian also." At Malmesbury, the right of election is said to be vested solely in the thirteen aldermen, whose choice has fallen on Mr. Philip Gill and Sir George Boyer, by ten votes to three; while at Old Sarum ("on account of its decayed state occasionally a subject of animadversion") half as many freeholders have returned Mr. Nicholas Vansittart and Mr. Josiah Dupré Porcher (nabobs both) as successors of "the celebrated philologist John Horne Tooke." Things are seemingly very

(said to be the son of a tailor). Burdett had supported Paull in a previous contest, but at the dissolution of the "Short Parliament" (1807) a quarrel between them had led to a duel in which both were seriously wounded. "While stretched on a bed of torture," we are told, "Sir Francis was put in nomination by the inhabitants themselves, and after a very memorable struggle placed at the head of the poll." It was as far back as 1793 that Sir Francis Burdett had married the youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, the famous banker in the Strand. Three years later, "by favour of the Duke of Newcastle," he became one of the two representatives of the long since defunct constituency of Boroughbridge. He continued to sit in Parliament for many years as one of the members for Westminster.

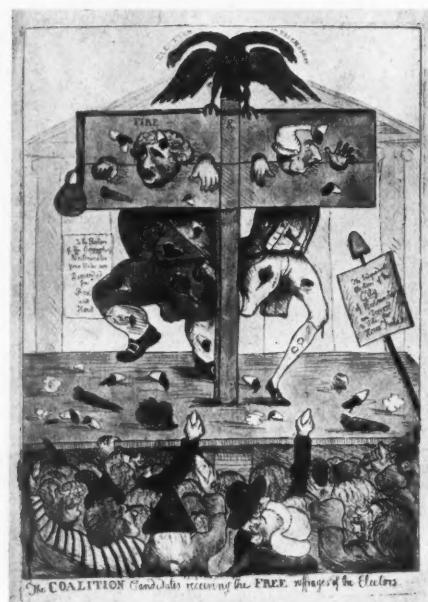
The election artists from Hogarth downwards deal largely in the "feasting" which entered so much into the political programmes of the past. On April 27th, 1784, when Fox's majority was only twenty-one, and the final result still trembled in the balance, it is recorded that "in the evening upwards of 800 Electors in the interests of Mr. Fox din'd together at the Freemasons Tavern (in convenient proximity to Covent Garden), with the popular candidate in the chair. After the glorious triumph of the day (Fox had been up to this point in a minority), it were needless to add that this meeting presented an uninterrupted



HOGARTH: "THE POLL."



CHAIRING THE MEMBER.



A COVENT GARDEN CARICATURE OF 1790.

November, 1796, at which time the whole of the electors, both Whig and Tory, numbered less than one hundred and eighty persons all told:

WALTER PALK, Esq., M.P., Dr. to JAMES LLOYD.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|---------|
| Entertainment of certain voters the day before and morning of the election | | | |
| Dinner | .. | .. | 18 5 8 |
| Beer, Porter, Cyder, and Pop | .. | .. | 36 10 0 |
| Wine—612 Bottles of Red Port | .. | .. | 4 5 0 |
| 14 Bottles of Sherry | .. | .. | 107 2 0 |
| 14 Madeira at 6s... | .. | .. | 3 12 0 |
| 2 Claret at 6s... | .. | .. | 12 0 |
| Spirits—12 Bottles of Brandy | .. | .. | 3 12 0 |
| 7 Ditto Rum | .. | .. | 2 2 0 |
| 15 Ditto Gin | .. | .. | 4 10 0 |
| Fruite... | .. | .. | 1 10 0 |
| Sugar... | .. | .. | 1 15 0 |
| Tea and Coffee | .. | .. | 4 0 0 |
| Cards... | .. | .. | 10 0 |
| Storehouse shut up at half-past six o'clock after which the following liquor was consumed, viz.— | | | |
| Grog and Punch | .. | .. | 3 12 6 |
| 55 Bottles of Port | .. | .. | 9 12 6 |

scene of convivial mirth. Various patriotic toasts were drunk—among which were 'the Duchesses of Devonshire and Portland, and the other fair supporters of the Whig cause.' Captain Morris entertained the company with his much admired political song 'The Baby and the Nurse,' Mr. Bannister with 'Give me Death or Liberty,' after which the company broke up about 7 o'clock, in order to resume their canvas with fresh vigour." It is difficult to estimate the total amount of the tavern-bills incurred at this epoch throughout the United Kingdom on the occasion of a General Election. Hogarth's picture of an Election Dinner is probably familiar to every reader, and during these Titanic Westminster contests one Sam House, an ardent Whig innkeeper, earned immortality of fame, but nearly ruined himself by keeping open house in the interests of his idol, Fox. From the books of that ancient hostelry, the Golden Lion, in the picturesque little town of Ashburton, has been taken the following note of the expenses of an election dinner held there in

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Paid 13th February, 1797, James Lloyd.

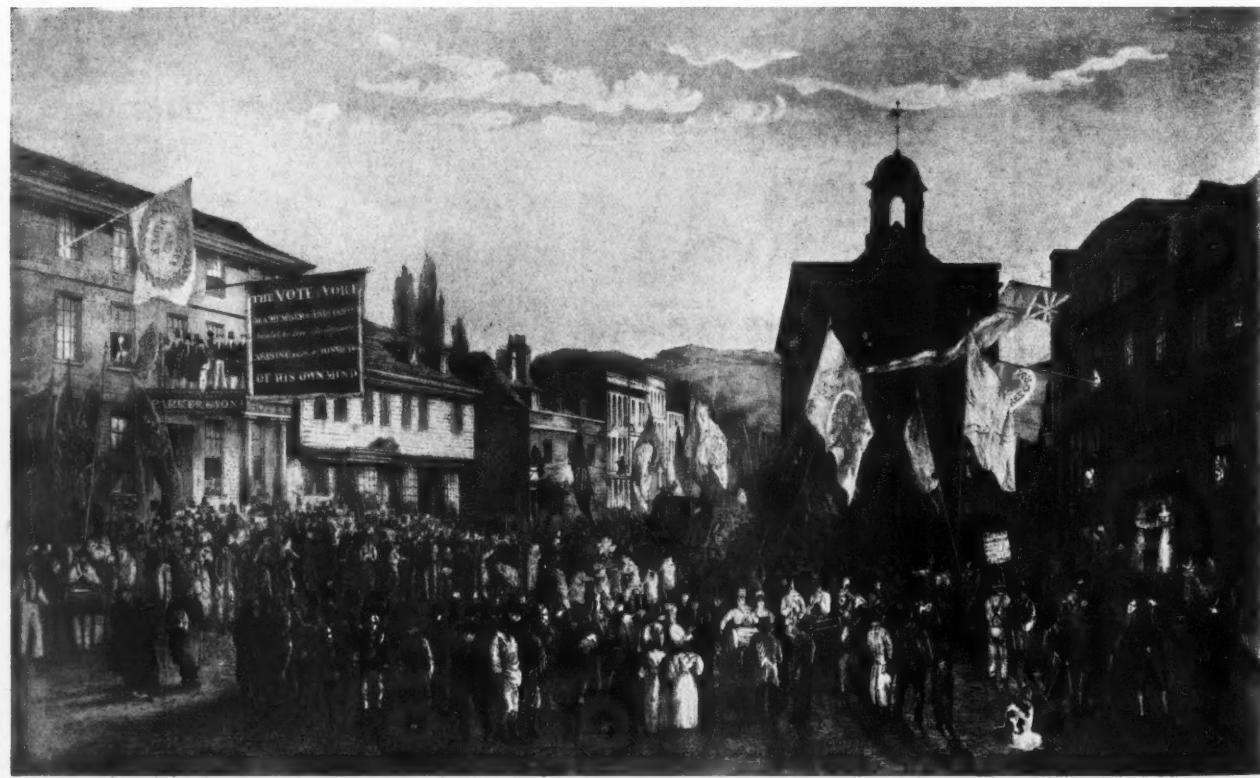
Mr. Palk's conscience seems to have hesitated at the breakages, and "mine host" deducted the charge for them.

Shortly before this a by-election was impending in Yorkshire (the scene of the great contest already alluded to), and Pitt, while visiting one of the Whig Queens of the West Riding, said banteringly, "Well, the election is all right for us. Ten thousand guineas for the use of our side go down to Yorkshire to-night by a sure hand." "The Devil they do!" responded Mrs. B., and that night the bearer of the precious burden was stopped by a highwayman on the Great North Road, and the ten thousand guineas used to procure the return of the Whig candidate.

Nine years earlier, in the spring of 1784, took place the most important of all the great Westminster Elections, *viz.*, the historic contest between Charles James Fox, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. The three candidates in one of the popular satiric prints of the period were styled Demosthenes, Themistocles and Judas Iscariot respectively. A voluminous *History of the*



"HIS NAME IS CHURCHILL—OH, THE DOG!"



TONBRIDGE DURING THE 1832 ELECTION.

Westminster Election appeared in the following autumn, with several plates. At the dispersal of Sir William Fraser's library the writer acquired a copy of this book, extra-illustrated by the addition of nearly one hundred caricatures. It was on this occasion that the Prince of Wales put forth all his influence in favour of the *Map of the People*, while the popular Duchess of Devonshire headed the bevy of fair ladies who canvassed the denizens of Butcher's Row and the costermongers of Covent Garden, described in this connection by a contemporary poet as :

A Paradise for fools and knaves ;
A hell for constables and staves ;
A booth for mountebanks and beavers ;
A shop for marrow-bones and cleavers ;
A stage for bulls and Irish chairmen ;
A Pit for Foxes, for to rear 'em,
In short, such are most glorious places
For Duchesses to show their faces.

The polling began on April 1st and continued until May 17th. At the close of the fortieth day of the prolonged political saturnalia Hood headed the poll, while Fox came in two hundred and

thirty-six votes ahead of his opponent. The Prince of Wales gave a gala breakfast in honour of the victory. The author of *Collections and Recollections* tells us that in 1780 George III had personally canvassed the Borough of Windsor against the Whig candidate, Admiral Keppel, and propitiated a silk mercer by calling at his shop and saying, "The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel, no Keppel." The Westminster Election in that year was only a little less eventful than that already described. Several persons were killed by Lord John Townsend's butchers, and Mr. Fox himself narrowly escaped a fatal bayonet thrust. In his MS. diary Lord Robert Seymour writes : "August 5th. The Westminster Election decided in favour of Lord J. T., who was chaired—and attend'd by a procession a mile in length. On his head was a Crown of Laurel. C. Fox follow'd him in a Landau and 6 horses cover'd in Favours and Laurels. The appearance this Procession made was equal in splendour to the public entry of an Ambassador." Equally imposing was the "chairing" and procession organised thirty years later in honour of Sir Francis Burdett's triumph over the unlucky "Tailor Paull," of which an amusing cartoon is reproduced.

LADIES AT ST. ANDREWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I AM writing this article at St. Andrews, whither I have come after the strenuous toil of Muirfield, *desipere in loco* and watch the ladies with a comparatively lazy eye, perhaps even sneaking away occasionally to play a round myself. I had hoped to give some impressions of the Championship as a whole, but that, I find, I cannot do. Whitsuntide, an otherwise wholly admirable festival, has cramped me by demanding that this article should go early to the printers. Consequently, I can only write in general terms after watching the first two days' play.

I am trying to do my work in a room wherein are other lucky persons who are not working. My concentration is partially broken by the snores of an old friend, a fat and delightful spaniel, and by occasional remarks which reach my ears. The two words that I hear most often and most regularly are "Joyce" and "Wethered," and that simple fact gives the best possible impression of the Championship as far as it has gone. Everybody is talking with amazement of the feats of this incomparable lady, how she drove twenty yards past Cheape's bunker at the second hole, how she was home at the Long Hole in two, how she scarcely ever needed anything but a mashie niblick for the second shot at any hole on the way out with the wind at her back, and so on. She has, in fact, so far made this Championship rather a dull one by making it a one-woman show. Of her two opponents in the first two rounds, Miss Phyllis Lobbete, at any rate, is a thoroughly good lady player, judged by appropriate standards, who deservedly plays for England. Yet she was utterly crushed by Miss Wethered's length from the tee. It is all very well to say that length is not everything and that so long as you can reach the green in the right number of shots you should be able to do the holes in the right figure. That is a capital armchair opinion, but let the person who lays it down wait till he or she has to play the second shot from sixty yards behind. It gives a feeling of hopelessness hard to combat, and emphasises the truth of the old golfing adage that a player plays as well as the adversary allows.

Lest the accounts of Miss Wethered's play in the daily newspapers may make her out even more inhuman than she is, it is, perhaps, worth saying that the ground has been very hard and full of running, and the course is not, by a good many yards, the full medal course. On this very evening on which I am writing I went out after the Championship play was finished to have a round on my own account. I started with my tail between my legs, feeling humiliated in advance by the expectation that my tee shots would finish hundreds of miles behind the spots at which I had reverentially observed Miss Wethered's ball come to rest. Let me get my boasting over at once ; I was agreeably disappointed. I found, incredible as it may appear, that I several times drove just about as far as she had done. I became so puffed up with pride that at one hole I had the audacity to take a driving iron for my second where she had taken a spoon. My caddie said I should be short ; I knew in my own soul I should be short, and I was short. Still, I did reach the outskirts of the green, and, though I lost the hole, I felt spiritually uplifted. I mention this circumstance not wholly in order to boast, but in order to explain to other people who know St. Andrews and were not here to see that this lady's golf, though quite magnificent, was yet within the bounds of possibility. All things are possible,

of course, but at the moment it is not possible to imagine her being beaten. It is to be remembered that when she has hit this tremendous tee shot right down the middle of the course, she plays her irons and puts better than any other lady, and at least as well as a very good male player. To-night, when I went to hand in my telegram with an account of the day's play, the gentleman who accepted it asked me who was going to win. I, with the arrogance of an Englishman, said I thought there was only one player who could win. He, with the greater arrogance of a Scotsman, answered that I must not be too sure. I knew that he was dying to mention two Scottish ladies and gave him the chance. Sure enough, he did, he said that Mrs. Watson and Miss Doris Park would need watching. Well, they are two good golfers ; I may be wrong and my patriotic friend may be quite right, but I stick to my opinion, and am not afraid of prophesying, even though it be a gratuitous folly.

All eyes have naturally been on Miss Glenna Collett, the American Champion, when they were not fixed on Miss Wethered. Miss Collett is undoubtedly a beautiful golfer ; anybody who has seen her play will not dispute that opinion, whatever may befall her in this event. She has a fine swing, at once sound and slashing ; she gets great length ; she is one of the few ladies who play golf as a good man plays it. But she has not, as far as I have seen her, the heart-breaking steadiness of her English rival. She makes now and again a bad shot ; her iron play, though graceful and forcible, lacks something of control, and, when I am writing, she does not seem wholly to have grasped the peculiarities of this most peculiar course. She is inclined to play too stereotyped a kind of shot, irrespective of the nature of the ground ; she plays, for example, the sixth or Heathy hole with the wind behind her as if it were an ordinary "drive-and-pitch" hole, with the result that her pitch goes racing over the green. She is a gorgeous hitter of the ball—there is but one better in the field—but she is eminently human, and that is likely to be of little avail against the inhuman.

It has been very interesting to watch much of the play by the ordinary run of lady players, leaving the few undoubtedly tigresses out of the argument, because they remind one of the way in which St. Andrews used to be played in elder days. A great many of them, for instance, have either to take their brassies for the second shot at the first hole and, if they are lucky or skilful, carry the burn by inches, or else they have to play short in two. Going to the seventh or High hole out they most of them avoid the short cut and play away to the left of the hill, as all but drivers of the Blackwell class had once upon a time to do. Their third shot to the Road hole is quite a long one and makes that hole even more terrifying than it is for men. I could give other instances, but these are obvious ones. They show at once what a truly glorious course St. Andrews would be if only the ball did not go quite so far, and what an enormous advantage the greater strength of mere man does give him. Here are we, who think ourselves superior creatures, taking mashies or mashie-niblicks for our second shots at the second and the fourth holes with the wind behind us. It flatters our vanity and we think ourselves mighty fine fellows when we get these holes in fours. What should we feel, I wonder, if we had to play those second shots with spoons or big irons. Our pride would have a fall and we should realise that we have nothing

to be proud of in the fact that we have been born rather bigger and stronger.

St. Andrews is a tiring course on which to watch golf as compared with Muirfield, where I was last week. At Muirfield there is a sort of inner circle of holes, at which one can watch a lot of golf and yet never be more than five or six minutes distant from the club-house. Not so at this strenuous St. Andrews. Here, except for a respite around the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh holes, one must trudge all the way out and

all the way home. If a match is a close one, the wretched onlooker gets nearly home—let us say to the sixteenth—and then, with luncheon almost in sight, he meets another interesting match on the way out, and away he must go tramping out again. That is just what happened to me to-day; I came all the way home to the Corner of the Dyke with Miss Collett, and then there was Miss Wethered playing the second. So I had to put off my lunch and turn sadly outward again. Hence I am so sleepy that I can write no more of these admirable ladies.

“THE TAWNY-THROATED!”

A WARM, still evening in early June. The sun has not yet set, but is just at that stage when it floods the world with a rich golden glow betwixt daylight and twilight. It lit up the narrow belt bordering the highway with a warm, rich radiance, tinged the feathery umbels of the hedge parsley, the pink petals of the campions, the dainty heads of the saxifrage and heaven-kissed speedwell. It bathed them in a warmth of colour that raised them beyond the commonplace into a fairy-like realm of unreality, calling forth an echoing glow of rapture in the heart of the beholder.

The birds have not yet gone to roost. The sweet notes of linnets, the rich, mellow harmony of blackbirds, and the more spontaneous melody of the song thrush delight the ear as light and colour charm the eye. It is curious, perhaps, that the gentle dropping notes of the willow wrens are absent. Earlier, when other birds seemed too busy for song, these tiny songsters proclaimed their presence everywhere by the plaintive sweetness of their ever falling harmony. Now, when others snatched a moment's respite to give outward expression to the joy that was theirs, the willow wrens, it seemed, were too occupied. A flick of wings in the brambles or, higher, in the young oaks and hazel bushes, where were caterpillars for the garnering, a flutter in the long grasses, where long, spindle-legged crane flies were to be snapped up, betrayed their presence and their activities. For willow wrens, evidently, it was the supper hour, and they were hungry. The golden light lifts. The path is now in shadow. Upside

down, on the tiny clustered white blossoms of the Jack-by-the-hedge, an orange-tipped butterfly sleeps. Out from the bracken-clad slopes of the hills overlooking the valley float the first churring notes of the nightjar. Twilight sets in, and deepens. Voices become hushed. An owl swoops down on silent wing, hawking low over the parkland. A fluttering in the branches and the ivy reveals where the day birds are settling to rest.

Suddenly, startling in its throbbing intensity, breaks forth the passionate song of the nightingale. It ceases. From farther down the belt comes an answering burst of melody; beyond, a fainter answer yet; while farther still, from the thicket on the hilltop, it is taken up in turn. Could it reach the ear, it would be echoed again from the valley. Alone now and unrivalled, the nightingales hold sway.

In broad daylight the song is often passed unnoticed. Many are unaware that by day, when there is so much to attract the ear and the eye, the nightingale sings just as whole-heartedly. It is only at night that the perfect song falls upon the ear in all its richness and variety. The darkness and the twinkling of the stars add to the mystery and haunting sweetness of it all. In the tiny octagonal cottage of the gamekeeper the bedroom window is closed to shut out the noise.

In the thinly timbered road belt three pairs of nightingales had nested. The first nest was quite close beside the pathway, beyond the keeper's garden, where a patch of nettles was deeply shadowed by an overhanging bush. Once aware of the nest, it was easy for one to look down upon it without moving from the path or disturbing the sitting bird. Tragedy overtook this little home, the keeper, unaware of it, mowing it down with his scythe when broadening the path, and overturning the nest on the tiny chicks. The second nest was not twenty yards distant, and was built on the ground in a clearing between the brambles and hazel bushes. Farther along yet the third pair had nested, like the first, in a clump of nettles by the side of the path, but found it was not to their liking and abandoned it. They shifted into thicker cover amid more tangled underbrush, where, later, they could be seen carrying in food for the young.

The second nest, being so openly situated, was more easily kept under observation. In spite of its comparatively slight

cover, a very careful approach was necessary to avoid treading on it, so wonderfully did it harmonise with its surroundings. The nest was built almost entirely of dead leaves, sweet chestnut for the most part, edged round the top with oak (to which the nightingale seems especially partial) and lined with a few hairs and grasses. In the deep cup of the nest the five olive-green eggs were almost indistinguishable, and when these, in turn, were replaced by the youngsters, they kept so quiet and still as to be almost, if not quite, as difficult to distinguish.

The nightingale has been aptly named “the big brown robin.” After the eggs had hatched, “brown mouse” would have been appropriate for either of this pair, for they crept silently on to the nest from the nearest cover, and seldom flew direct to it with food. Small green caterpillars appeared to be the



R. Gaze.

THE COCK AT THE NEST WITH YOUNG.

Copyright.



THE COCK BIRD SURPRISED.

staple diet, and while, for brief periods, feeding would be rapid, often long intervals would elapse between each visit. Forty visits in three hours appeared to be about the average. Both sexes shared in the feeding. In sunlight the male was easily distinguished by the richer chestnut colouring of the back and wings, the female being a greyer, more drab brown; but in dull weather this difference was not nearly so apparent. Only occasionally were both birds seen at the nest together. Having fed and attended the young, the female would slip quietly away; but the male loved to stay a few moments, proudly displaying his rich rufous tail, which he would spread out into a broad fan.

The nightingales, while displaying no fear whatever of the camera beyond a swift enquiring glance at the sound of the shutter, were most nervous of their feathered neighbours. A

cuckoo in a near-by elm, or the approach of a pair of red-backed shrikes which shared their stretch of the belt would reduce them to a state of nervous excitement. Retiring into the thickest bushes on these occasions, they would sound their harsh alarm notes continuously, nor would they approach the nest until all unwelcome neighbours had vanished. At the first sound of the alarm the young huddled instantly close down in the nest and there remained immovable until the arrival of one of the parent birds with food betokened the danger over.

With the hatching of the eggs the song almost entirely ceased, the male breaking only spasmodically into short bursts of song while the female was actually at the nest. Gradually, as the season advanced, this, too, ceased. Once more the thrushes and blackbirds of the road belt came into their own.



THE HEN BIRD FEEDING HER YOUNG.

R. Gaze.

Copyright.

THE BIG YACHTS GET UNDER WAY

THE period during which the big racing yachts may enjoy their exciting and spectacular sport is comparatively short, lasting, this year, from May 25th to September 1st. But within that time they will have had a season packed full of racing, for in the course of their tour around the coast they will have taken part in about forty strenuous matches.

The opening regattas are held at Harwich and in the Thames estuary. From there the fleet makes the passage to a fixture in the Bristol Channel, afterwards crossing to Ireland for a regatta in Dublin Bay. Then it is north and east again for the glories of the Clyde Fortnight, which will extend this year from June 22nd to July 9th. On its return south the fleet puts in for two days' sport in Belfast Lough. During the remainder of July the big vessels work their by no means leisurely way up-Channel, enjoying *en route* such jolly days as those of the "Fishermans' Cowes" at Brixham, until the Solent is reached. The pageantry of Cowes Week and the Ryde regattas occupy a good half of August. Then Westward Ho! once more for the concluding fixtures at Dartmouth and Torbay.

It is hard to be consoled for the loss of the King's beautiful and historic Britannia. She is the pride of the racing fleet, the bell-wether of this lovely flock; and her absence, we must hope, is only temporary. Yet it is a fact that the season which is now beginning is certain to show the finest racing the sport of yachting has ever seen. This is because the entire fleet is so evenly matched. Never before has it been possible for six great vessels to meet on equal terms—or at least so nearly equal that an allowance of two minutes on a forty-mile course, say, so equalises everybody's chance that all might be considered dead level. Of course, some will prove just the shade better on one day, others on another day. Still, victories and defeats this season will be a matter of seconds or yards, not miles or minutes.

There is one lovely newcomer to the big class this season. She is the cutter Candide, which Mr. Nicholson has designed for Mr. H. A. Andreae, who, yachtsmen will remember, has in past years raced the 100-ton cutter Corona.

Candide is in every way a beautiful example of the modern racing yacht. She is 117ft. long and, for all her dainty



Beken and Son.

RUNNING FREE WITH SPINAKER SET

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proportions, is very sturdily built. The single mast she carries is a gigantic spar of 150ft. in length and weighing about four tons. Below decks, in addition to the main saloon and the crew's fo'c'sle, the accommodation consists of five staterooms, a captain's cabin and two bathrooms. It might, perhaps, be added that it is in the space and comfort of the below-deck accommodation that the modern racing yacht most differs from a vessel of corresponding size built, say, thirty years ago, when racing craft were narrower, and neither so strongly built nor so seaworthy as, on the whole, they are to-day.

To build a vessel to this (the 24-metre) class would to-day cost not much less than £30,000. She would require not fewer than seventeen men in her crew. The upkeep expenses would total about £3,000 a year—though this sum makes no allowance for her winnings of prize-money. The sport of yachting, it is worth remembering, supports a considerable industry. The men who man the yachts are almost always fishermen, who return to their nets when their yachts are laid up for the winter; but there are great numbers of riggers, shipwrights and sailmakers who are kept in work all the year round, and by this means, too, there are preserved a number of ancient crafts and callings which otherwise would have been lost in the successive invasions of steam and petrol.

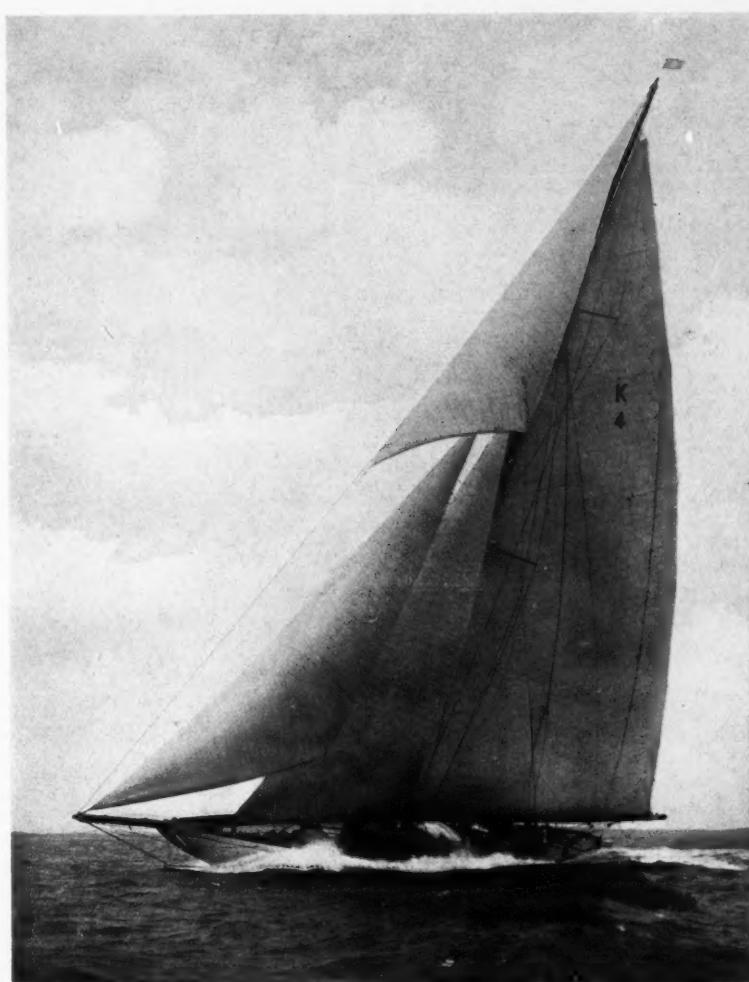
Including *Candida*, then, this queenly fleet of big racing yachts consists of Lord Waring's *White Heather*, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, Mr. A. A. Paton's *Lulworth*, Sir William Berry's *Cambria*, Sir Mortimer Singer's *Astra*, and, possibly, later in the season, the magnificent schooners *Westward* and *Elena*.

Next to the King and the *Britannia*, the owner whose name has been longest associated with one particular vessel is, of course, Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas Lipton had the *Shamrock* built at the famous Clyde yard at Fairlie as long ago as 1908, and the beautiful green cutter has been seen at almost every big regatta held since then. The marvel of her is that, making a big allowance for old Captain Sycamore's wonderful talents, she is still as good as any of them. Indeed, taking her all round, she is, perhaps, the best of the lot. Last season she was easily the best, winning thirteen first prizes out of a possible thirty-eight. In all, she has won 117 races.

The lovely *Shamrock* which we see at all the British regattas should not be confused with the various *Shamrocks* which have from time to time made such valorous attempts to win back the America Cup. She is called simply "Shamrock," and she was specially built to race in *Britannia*'s class. *Shamrocks* I, II, III and IV were specially built to try for the America Cup. Each of them has since been broken up. But there is still talk of another challenger—and one hopes there always will be until that famous but most tantalising of all sporting trophies returns to these waters, and just as fervently one hopes that it will be Sir Thomas Lipton who will bring it back.

The trophy was first won by the schooner *America*, which sailed over from the United States in 1851 and beat a big fleet of British yachts in a race round the Isle of Wight. The trophy itself is a fairly ordinary affair; but ever since the time that it became known as the "America Cup," so many years ago, it has always seemed to be the most desirable bit of metal in the world. Thirteen British yachts have been sent across to try for it. But, although each attempt has failed, it would not be easy to over-state the good that has resulted to the sport of yachting generally, and British-American yachting particularly. Perhaps the next races for the America Cup may be sailed by vessels which have been built to the same rule of measurement, for each season British and American yachts of smaller size meet each other on these terms, and the very best sort of sport is enjoyed.

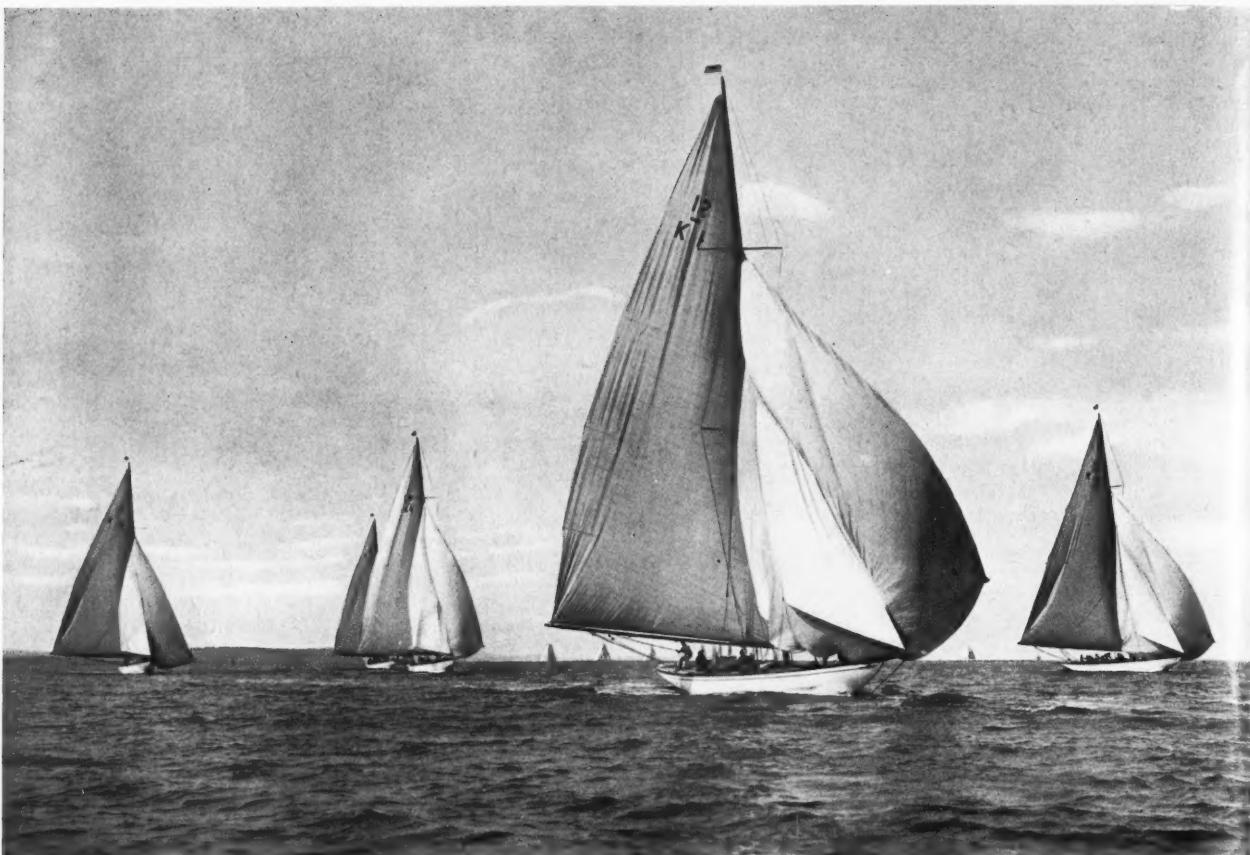
For example, the contests for what is known as the British-American Cup have produced sport of the highest character, and it is not easy to discover a branch of international sport which shows a record as consistently creditable. American yachtsmen, certainly, regard these contests as among the most important in the



CAMBRIA ON A WIND.



Beken and Son. ASTRA TAKING IN HER SPINAKER. Copyright.



TWELVE-METRE BOATS IN THE SOLENT.



Beken and Son.

MR. DAVIS'S SCHOONER, WESTWARD.

Copyright.

international sporting calendar. Perhaps it is because we have done so well in them that less has been heard of these races in this country. The trophy is sailed for by teams of six-metre yachts representing each country, and the matches are sailed alternately in American and British waters. Last year Great Britain was successful in the Clyde in the contest for the second British-American Cup. We won the first cup outright, after a series of matches held alternately in this country and in America. Very little has been heard about it, however, although it might, from its brilliance of both team and individual work, be called the Ryder Cup of yachting.

A six-metre yacht costs between £950 and £1,200 to design and build. At least one paid hand, and ordinarily two, are required for racing. For this expense an owner is assured of possessing a thoroughbred fit to race in a splendid class for many crowded seasons.

Now, the average six-metre boat is about 21 ft. in length on the waterline, and 6 ft. in the beam. Thus a "six" is a very small boat, and she possesses no sort of cabin. For this reason many yachtsmen say she is not "worth the money," and that they would prefer to spend just a little more on the purchase of an "eight," which has a comfortable cabin and some room for guests. For this reason the "eights" are increasing in popularity—perhaps at the expense of the "sixes."

But a first-class little racer can be bought for anything

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between £60 and £130. These are the boats of the international 14ft. dinghy class. The boat is carvel-built, unballasted and is fitted with a centre-board. It has buoyancy tanks which, when the boat is filled to the brim with water, are capable of supporting a man's weight. These little craft are immensely

popular, and almost every sheet of water, inland and coastal, has its fleet of them. They are just the thing for the young yachtsman, and he should not let himself be deterred by the fact that some of the best racing men in the country are owners in the class.

JOHN SCOTT HUGHES.

AT THE THEATRE

SHANGHAI MORALS AND BROADWAY MANNERS.

THE Subscription Theatres, or what are generally known as the Sunday Societies, are incalculable. Either they redeem this country from the ignominy of its ridiculous Censorship by producing the plays of great men like Ibsen, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Brieux, Granville Barker and lots more, or by the production of something a little dirty and quite unexpectedly dreary prove that the Censorship is not such a ridiculous institution after all. "The Shanghai Gesture," the production of which by the Venturers Society at the Scala Theatre caused so much excitement, turned out to be a good full-blooded melodrama which was possibly not the ideal entertainment for the growing schoolboy or schoolgirl. I shall not beat about the bush and pretend that the action of this play took place in a tea-house, summer-house, pagoda, pavilion or anywhere except in a brothel. Mother Godam's establishment in Shanghai was certainly a brothel, and the plainness of the fact and the absence of any sniggering suggestion removed half of the offence straightaway. Philosophers have remarked that nearly all the danger of vice is in its concealment, and that comparatively little harm would be done by a play which the town-crier announced in the following terms: "Oyez ! oyez ! oyez ! To-night, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, there will be performed the bawdy play of Bluebeard and His Wives" (I have cited the Haymarket as being the one theatre in connection with which such an announcement is unthinkable.) It is possible that simple folk might regard "The Shanghai Gesture" as a bawdy play. To me it seemed an entirely proper play of Chinese vengeance along the lines with which other plays have made us familiar. Has not one of our most famous actor-dramatists spent the greater part of a distinguished career in demonstrating what happens when Chinese mandarins invite handsome young scoundrels from Eton and Oxford, and now tea-planting, in white ducks to meet their daughters at dinner? The story of "The Shanghai Gesture" is also a tale of vengeance, and I suggest that when you have once accepted the nature of Mother Godam's establishment you have forgotten all about it. And now perhaps I may say a few words about the plot. It appeared that Mother Godam was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin. In her youth she was courted by an Englishman who, as well as making love to her, persuaded her to steal enough bags of gold from her father's cellars to buy him a partnership in a large business. I may say that, judging from the plays I see about China, the English colony of that country would appear to be made up of unmitigated scoundrels, which I am very certain it isn't. Having stolen sufficient money, the Englishman deserted the Chinese girl, married an English lady, and, by a curious coincidence, had a daughter by both on the same day. The Chinese girl did not like this, and two days later visited the white woman's house and, by some process known only to melodrama, changed the two babies. After which she sat down and waited for twenty years. At the end of this time and after many vicissitudes she ultimately became the proprietress of a palace which, despite or because of its impropriety, possessed rooms rejoicing in such names as the Gallery of the Laughing Dolls, the Grand Red Hall of Lily and Lotus Roots, the Little Room of the Great Cat, and the Green Stairway of the Angry Dragon. One day Mother Godam met in the street the young Englishman, now grown middle-aged, who of course did not recognise the young woman with whom he had lived for a year or more, the capacity for forgetting the faces of one's mistresses being a characteristic of stage-seducers. We are asked to believe that the Englishman again succumbed to the lady's charms. Anyhow, he accepted an invitation to dine with Mother Godam, who by blackmail and other arts secured the presence of the flower of the British colony in Shanghai. And so everybody sat down to dinner on the loveliest Chippendale chairs imaginable and in a palatial dining-room designed, as Mr. James Agate suggested, after the best principles of the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. After dinner Mother Godam auctioned the beautiful white girl whom she sold into what those who are not slaves are accustomed to describe as

"worse than slavery." She then told the Englishman that the girl she had sold was his daughter, not by her but by his own white wife. Now, there had been another nasty little English girl walking through the piece, whom, naturally, we had taken to be the Englishman's legitimate daughter. She turned out, of course, to be Mother Godam's child who had been changed twenty years previously. Whereupon Mother Godam, who throughout the entire play had regarded the nasty little creature with the utmost loathing, rolled upon the floor in frenzy, after which she got up and strangled the young woman.

It should be obvious that there is nothing here which the Censor has destroyed and of which the Venturers Society has made high-minded rescue. "The Shanghai Gesture" is exceedingly good melodrama, containing in the character of Mother Godam a part which any really great actress might achieve what we should take to be greatness. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt did very well, though, personally, I was not persuaded that her explorations into China had delved much deeper than some modish little tea-house in Kensington Gore. I do not believe that such a play will do any harm to sailors who have sailed as far as Marseilles or to soldiers who have fared as far East as Egypt. I believe that tinkers and tailors are, and will remain, immune from its suggestiveness. But it is unnecessary to go through the whole rhyme, and, perhaps, we can come at once to the budding man and womanhood of this country which are presumably the Censor's care. It so happens that on the following day I saw the new "talkie" at the Empire to which all youthful and uneducated London is going. "The Broadway Melody" is about two lower-class young women of exceeding beauty and hair which has been perverted from its normal colour to pure buttercup. Both are chorus girls in what is known as Mr. Zanfield's Follies. They are called Queenie and Hank—at least I think that Hank is the second name, although the thing, being a "talkie," one cannot be certain. At least the name sounded like Hank. Now, whereas Hank was merely roguish, Queenie had a mind which was either incredibly stupid or rather dirty, and was anyhow mean. Having stood in a state of almost complete nudity for half an hour on the top of a pillar down by the footlights, she was, naturally, asked out to supper. The stupid little thing could not understand what pleasure a rich gentleman could find in supplying her with food, but she went. She could not comprehend why a few days later he should give her diamond bracelets, an ermine cloak and a motor car, but she accepted them all. She could not grasp why he should want to give her an apartment in Fifth Avenue, but she accepted that also. Nor had she the vaguest notion why her sister should object to these gifts, and when the honest chorus-boy who presumed to be her *fiancé* tried by main force to keep her from that banquet which was to celebrate her nineteenth birthday, she wriggled out of his grasp with a virtuosity becoming a Rugby three-quarter, slapped her sister's face and, murmuring something about living her own life, slammed the dingy dressing-room door. Arrived at the party she still could not understand why the rich gentleman should ask her to be a little kind to him. It was now ten minutes to ten and at ten o'clock the film was due to start all over again. And in less than the time it takes to write, enlightenment had come to the young woman, the rich man had had his face scratched, Hank had burst into floods of tears, and wedding-bells had sounded for Queenie and her chorus-boy whom Hank had secretly renounced. The time factor is important. For an hour and fifty minutes the little typists and shopgirls among whom I sat marvelled at the emoluments of vice and wished them theirs. When it became apparent that Queenie was going to behave like an honest girl they rolled up their bags of sweets and departed in a mood of disillusion. It is obvious which of the two entertainments must be the more harmful to youth; and that under our present Censorship "The Shanghai Gesture" should be banned and "The Broadway Melody" blared into every youthful ear seems to me pure silliness.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.



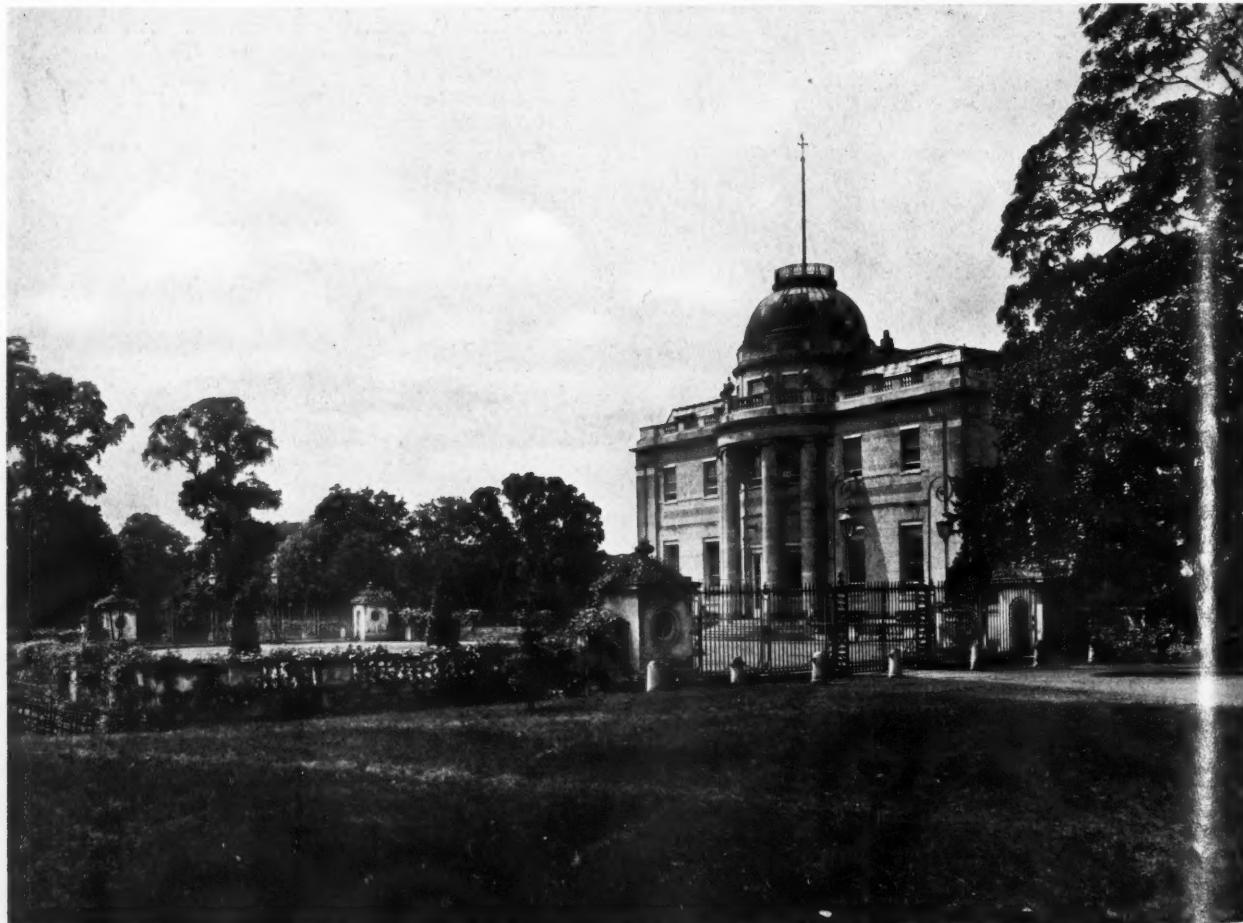
Two garden pavilions designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and a sheet of water flanked by formal gardens have recently been appended to the house originally designed by Sir John Soane.

IN the decade immediately following the war, it seemed as if the spacious life in country houses that, in retrospect, was like a long summer's evening, was unmistakably finished. Soothsayers were not wanting who pointed to the many properties for sale, the old mansions being demolished, the gardens going derelict. The architect who, before the war, had built so many pleasant country houses appeared to have turned for ever to more serious projects: a new capital for India and new palaces of commerce in London. One looked at the aristocratic pleasure grounds of Georgian mansions, where the grass waved unkempt on the lawns, and the temples and banqueting houses stood dejected as though the social order that produced them was dead indeed.

Shyly the nymphs and fauns have stolen back from the woods whither they fled in confusion in 1914. In this district at least, where Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire meet, Flora and Tellus have regained their composure. At Easton Neston, and here at Tyringham, they have re-vested ancient abodes with gardens as fair and spacious as any of their

heyday in the eighteenth century. In both, too, the Naiads and gods of the flood have contributed their element abundantly, while here, at any rate, the Muses join briskly in the general stir. Moreover, all these personages who preside over country life return invigorated from their exile in the wilderness. Thalia has never looked better, and Melpomene, so far as I know, has never before caused men to build for her so well appointed a temple of music.

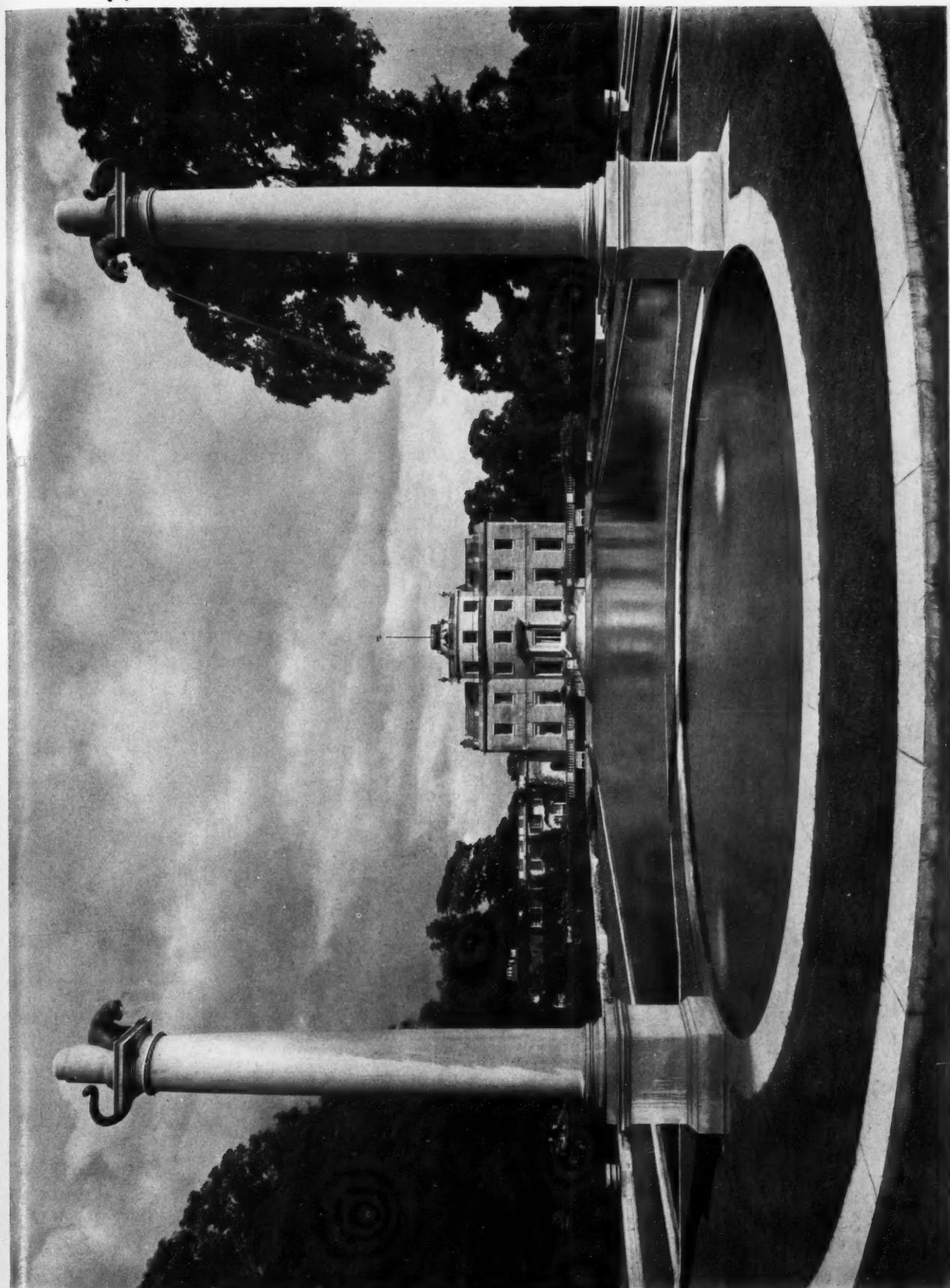
It is, perhaps, not quite gallant to call these ladies by their old names. In the interval since their last appearance they have cropped their hair, adopted the athletic costume of Modern Woman and, agreeably to the spirit of the age, tried to substitute their pretty names with high-sounding abstract cognisances. At first one is deceived into believing that a new spirit has directed the making of these gardens and temples. The long pool and one of the adjoining temples is dedicated to Youth and the salubrious exercise of swimming. The other, we are given to understand by an epigrammatic inscription, is dedicated to ultimate Truth. But look behind the horn-rimmed spectacles,



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1.—THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE HOUSE.
Showing the dome added to Soane's original building.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE NORTH FRONT, FROM THE BASIN BETWEEN THE POOLS.

Copyright



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3.—THE PAVILIONS, FROM THE NORTH END OF THE POOLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and there is the pastoral Thalia, as gay as ever; and there is Melpomene, for all her references to the Infinite, beguiling us with harmony and tragedy just the same.

We may, then, take our ease here undismayed. Continuity has been preserved. The ancient gods of the garden still reign, if under different names, and, in spite of the warring of continents, these gardens at Tyringham are the lineal descendant of those fashioned by Le Nôtre and Vanbrugh, of the pleasaunes of Italy and the civilised groves of Le Trianon. Infused with a more serious sentiment, perhaps, and directed by an intelligence more cultivated, here is the old pastoral revived and re-invigorated.

Tyringham as it is to-day certainly bears little resemblance to the traditional home of an English squire. But over a century has elapsed since it cut adrift in search of a more civilised fashion of life. We can read of a family that took its name from the place living here from the earliest times till the year of the Plague of London, when an only daughter married Mr. Backwell (sad lapse), an alderman's son. A century later a Miss Backwell introduced her husband, Mr. Praed, to Tyringham. And in 1792 William Praed commissioned a dangerously thoughtful architect to replace the old grey manor house with an elegant classic "villa." The story was told at length by Mr. Arthur Bolton in *COUNTRY LIFE* in 1917, where the greatest living



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4.—THE BATHING PAVILION, FROM ACROSS THE POOLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

authority on Soane's architecture describes the building and more recent re-modelling of the house. For us, who are only concerned with Soane so far as his surviving work comes into contact with that in the garden by Sir Edwin Lutyens, it will be sufficient to consider the house as it is now, without vain regrets for the interesting, but inconvenient, interior which has now been re-modelled. As seen in Fig. 1, all is Soane except the dome and its drum and the little pavilions in the foreground. Though Soane was educated in the Adam manner, he was, when he designed Tyringham, cutting adrift from the English tradition of domestic architecture, with its predominantly horizontal lines and charming graces. He aimed at something more chaste, more severe, more Greek. The most illuminating criticism of

so much of kindred spirits, Soane has remained something of an enigma in English architecture. His exquisite refinement of line and moulding, his almost ascetic austerity of composition are as civilised as French work just before the Revolution. He only lacked the Frenchman's gaiety—and that happens to have been supplied in this particular case.

To add a formal garden and temples to Tyringham in its original form would have been an exacting problem. The compact, modest garden front, which did not originally have the central feature seen in Fig. 2, would have given the architect little clue how to proceed. Since the house has lost its individual stamp through alterations, Sir Edwin Lutyens has been free to express his own personality unhampered.



5.—THE BATHING PAVILION ON THE WEST OF THE WATER.

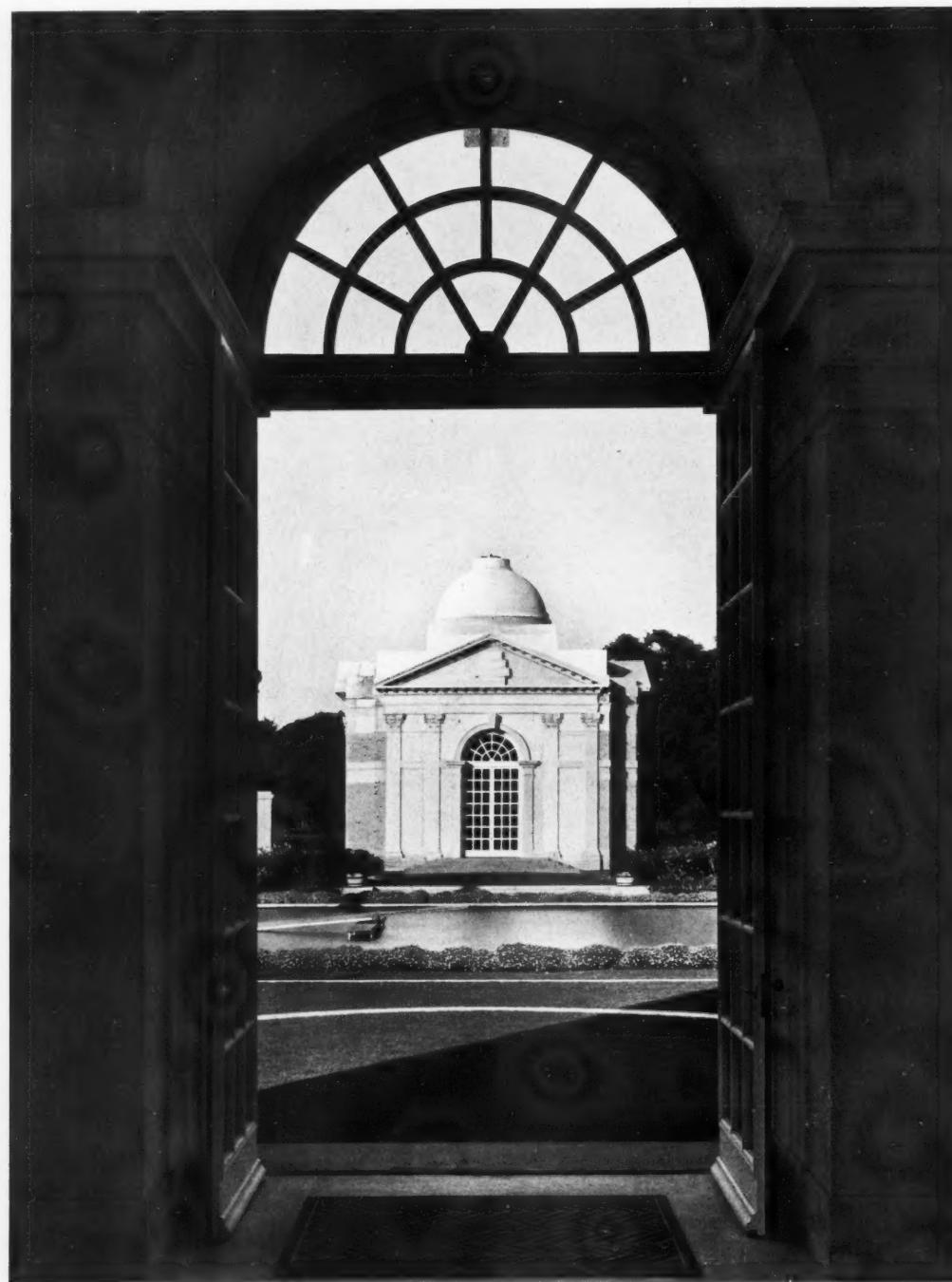
his rather ponderous attempts at a new style seems to me to be the ease with which they have here been translated into French. The added dome, completely French in itself, looks quite at home, and it is difficult to imagine the façade without it. Similarly, the French *boiseries* inside strike no discordant note as they do in an ordinary English house. At the time when he designed Tyringham Soane was closer in spirit to the contemporary architects of France than is commonly supposed. In France there were half a dozen men labouring under the same *malaise* as Soane, which developed in the hands of Percier and Fontaine into *le styl empire*. Labouring alone in England, and cut off by war from France, whence he might have learned

The scheme consists of two long pools stretching away from the north front of the house for some 150yds. That nearest to the house is 70yds. long, 20yds. broad, and begins below the old parterre, whence a flight of steps descends to its margin. Between this and the farther pool is a causeway, with a round basin at its centre on a slightly higher level, between a pair of pillars surmounted by lead leopards which spout a jet of water. The line of the causeway is carried east and west by grass walks, and just south of this axis are the two pavilions which form the principal subjects of these articles. Northwards the vista is carried on by a wide avenue of trees till a field rises obliquely to the skyline. The gardens

flanking the pool next the house—which is a bathing pool—are still in process of formation. Along the pool-side are four box-hedged beds raised on rubble retaining walls and separated by broad flights of steps. The westerly lay-out is complete, and comprises a broad grass walk between squares of box hedges, waist-high, centred on the bathing pavilion. Nearer to the house this rectilinear scheme is relaxed, and the hedges sweep into a series of amphitheatres and curves. When the beds that they contain are filled with masses of delphiniums, lupins and other high-growing plants, the effect will be magnificent. All the coping stone used in the lay-out is cast Empire stone—a fine white material composed of

nurtured columns at that, is Thalia's doing. The muse of comedy is generally to be found not far from Sir Edwin Lutyens' elbow. Here, in the key position of this great scheme, and full in the face of Soane's solemn elevation, she sets these symbols of genial humanism.

It is this quality above all that differentiates Sir Edwin Lutyens' work from Sir John Soane's. Both are masters of form and minutiae alike. But whereas with Soane we are often conscious of a repressed, even a crabbed, spirit—something exquisite, but a little musty, like a beautiful old wine—Sir Edwin Lutyens is irrepressibly genial. His design flows and sparkles, and even when treating the most solemn subjects is never dull.



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6.—THE MUSIC TEMPLE, FROM THE BATHING PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

crushed granite and cement. The Empire Stone Company constructed the swimming pool, which is concrete-lined, shallow round the edges, with a deeper channel in the centre. The curb of the pool is nicely adapted to present no sharp edge to naked limbs by means of a section best described as two overhanging steps, the lower projecting about a foot below the upper, and both with a roll moulding at the edge of the tread.

The fountain columns (Fig. 2) are Portland stone monoliths. The little obelisks with which they are surmounted add just sufficient emphasis to the lead leopards (by Mr. William McMillan, A.R.A.) to satisfy the eye. The use of columns at this point and for this purpose, and two such jolly, well

The most commonplace feature is given some individual touch which brings it into instant life.

The two pavilions are similar in form, though, as we shall see next week, that devoted to music differs considerably from the bathing pavilion. Like Hawksmoor's temples at Castle Howard and Archer's at Wrest, they are domed. But here we have, above the renaissance body, a "topee" unmistakably made in Delhi. Sir Edwin has been so preoccupied during the last ten years with his work in India that it would be strange if Eastern influences made no impression on so sensitive an artist. And, in reality, these domes—which relate the pavilions to the domed mansion—are as much the product of their material, concrete, as of Delhi.



8.—THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE BATHING PAVILION.
Showing the doors of the dressing-cabins.
"COUNTRY LIFE."



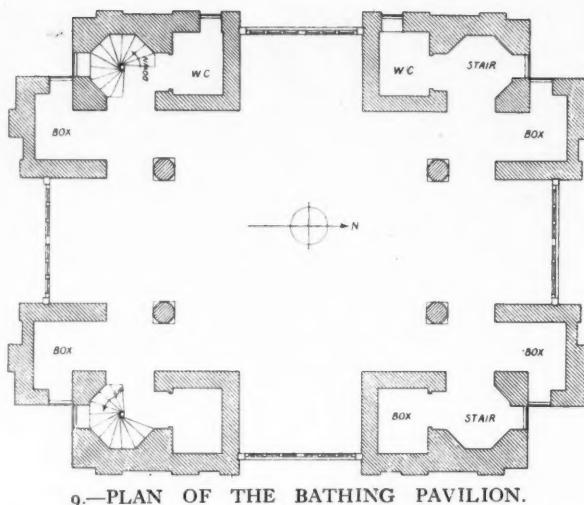
7.—INSIDE THE BATHING PAVILION.

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The bathing pavilion is slightly oblong in plan, with a single arched entrance in each face beneath a pediment, those on the front and back being flanked by four pilasters, those at the ends by two. The ashlar is of Portland stone, the rubble of local yellow stone. The whole is bound together by an entablature at two-thirds height and by a deeper series of mouldings at the top. The stonework ends at pediment level, all above being of concrete. The stepped roof and dome are an admirably plastic conception, drawing the whole composition into a unity. Above the entrance is the inscription "Hic mens valet corpus viget."

The central space inside is a lofty hall (Fig. 8), reduced to a square by a deepening of the north and south embrasures by means of black scagliola pillars. The floor is of brick, and the centre of the ceiling is open to the plainly rendered interior of the dome.

The purpose of the pavilion is primarily the provision of changing-rooms. A number of cabins are accommodated in the angles, where there are also newel staircases to eight more cabins



9.—PLAN OF THE BATHING PAVILION.

upstairs. All are lit by grilles of pierced stone externally, and the upper cabins have, in addition, metal grilles looking inwards. One of the newel stairs goes down into a chamber containing the electric controls of the pumps. The pumps themselves, for filling the pools, are situated on the river some distance away. Immediately outside the north entrance (Fig. 8) is a sand bath—a small pit containing sand, where bathers can dry in the sun, with the air full of the bitter-sweet smell of box.

Round the lower cornice of the interior runs an inscription recording the purpose of the building and pools: "Haec aedes cum piscina adjacente in usum liberorum nepotum posterorum exstructa est ut mens recreetur corpus exerceatur." Outside, the foundation stone records that it was laid on September 11th, 1926, "in dutiful remembrance of Frederick Konig by his grandsons Kilian and Marcus"—the sons of the owner of Tyringham. The pavilions were first used on Midsummer Day of last year.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

RESURRECTED PARODIES

Rejected Addresses. With an Introduction and Notes by Andrew Boyle. (Constable, 15s.)

BYRON, himself the subject of one of the best parodies, was also one of the earliest and most enthusiastic admirers of *Rejected Addresses*. "Parodies," he wrote to Lady Blessington, "as a rule give a bad impression of the original. In *Rejected Addresses* the reverse is the fact." The occasion for this celebrated "anthology," dashed off in six weeks by James and Horace Smith, two young men otherwise unknown to fame, was the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1812 after the fire, when the management had invited the literary world to submit addresses, from which would be chosen one to be recited on the opening night. Though the selection committee was inundated with odes, they decided to reject the lot, and got Byron to write one independently. Between the time when the news of the wholesale rejection leaked out, and the opening of the theatre, the brothers Smith—who had themselves submitted an ode which they publish among the parodies—delighted the world with a score of the allegedly "rejected" addresses.

Some, with the oblivion into which their subjects have fallen, have lost much of their savour.

Hail glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!

though funny in itself, cannot recall from limbo the effusions of the original: a professional ode-writer, named W. T. Fitzgerald, in whose actual ode occur such far more ludicrous lines as:

But yet the Drama, rightly understood
Promotes the private and the public good.

The best parodies are, fortunately, of the best poets. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, considered "The Baby's Debut" "by no means a parody but a very fair and indeed we think a flattering imitation" of Wordsworth's more lisping numbers:

Aunt Hannah heard the window break
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake
Thus to distress your Aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

—lines which are probably familiar to those well brought up.

There is an exercise in Byronic *ennui*, an admirable parody of Southe's "Kehama," and a rather disappointing one of Coleridge, which, nevertheless, stung him to the quick. Tom Moore is caught to the life in "The Living Lustres"; but undoubtedly the prize must be divided between the Scott and Crabbe parodies, both of which gentlemen, incidentally, were good-natured enough to be delighted with them.

Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;

"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,

"You Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,

"Why are you in such doleful dumps?

"A Fireman, and afraid of bumps!—

"What are they fear'd on?—fools! 'od rot 'em!"

Were the last words of Higginbottom.

That is surely superb fooling of "Marmion"! Crabbe's simplicity, as Mr. Boyle remarks, lent itself to parody. The brothers did more, and wrote one of the most truly comic poems in the language. Perhaps they slightly overdo Crabbe's *penchant* for puns:

Tis sweet to view, from half past five to six,
Our long white candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into life, and make the lighter start.

But the very fertility of the Smiths in this kind of jingle produces a sort of syncopation of the Alexandrine that is comic. The poem culminates in the heroic episode of the hat, which is introduced by the sonorous lines:

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.

Mr. Boyle's notes are excellent reading in themselves, since he has collected what the victims and other contemporaries thought about the parodies. He also prints the lines omitted by the Smiths from the Crabbe poem, as being considered "too serious for the occasion." Moore was not far out when he called them "unequalled for neatness and execution":

Hard is the task who edits—thankless job!—
A Sunday journal for the factious mob.
With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
He gives to turbulence the day of rest;
Condem'd, this week, rash rancour to instil,
Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will;
He sinks at last, in luckless limbo set,
If loud for libel, and if dull for debt.

C. H.

Practical Horsemanship, by Captain J. L. M. Barrett. (Witherby, 12s. 6d.)

HERE is a book of solid sense and easily assimilated instruction, written from the experience, wisdom and understanding of a teacher who would like everybody "to get the best" out of riding a horse. To get the best out of reading the book it is well to imagine yourself listening to the author lecturing. The book reads as a series of lectures, admirably spoken, and it is founded on an experience which has included the training, and responsibility for the training, of some two thousand young horsemen of the Army. As a book, it is addressed to the Novice "of any age"—and more particularly to the children of those who, in the author's opinion, think they have "nothing further to learn" about horsemanship. Whether such people as the latter exist in any numbers except in the author's imagination, is beside the point. The

point is that neither the novice nor the experienced horseman should pass over this really important book in favour of more pretentious volumes of instruction. "Experience teaches, but takes a long while about it," says the author: by the modern methods, in which horsemen young or old are made as happy as possible from the very first, Captain Barrett aims at taking them through the "Passive" to the completion of the "Active" stages of learning, in one hundred and twenty lessons. In that Passive stage it would seem that the learner is like a man who rides a bicycle, going down a long, easy slope without even a necessity for applying the brake. In the Active stage the bicycle becomes alive, and a horse, and begins to need riding—with Balance and Grip and Hands. As to Grip, Captain Barrett is fully alive to nonsense-talk of "Balance only" being required; indeed, he is fully alive to all the modern theories, nonsensical and otherwise—and it is a pleasant feature of the book that the author can analyse other people's sense and nonsense, and retain the sensible part, quickly, quietly and clearly. In this book there is none of that verbosity and muddled thinking which can be so tiresome a feature of books by instructors in horsemanship who have never, themselves, been trained to write. The chapter on "Hands" is a case in point—with its admirable summing-up of the five things of which Hands are the outcome. There are sixteen chapters in all to the book, with three short appendices. "Hints on Buying" is one of the best, with ten "Do's" and six "Don'ts," all set out for beginners. But every chapter is full of information and suggestion: that "difficult" horses are so from conformation, temperament, training; that every horse has two values; that there is a personal limit of efficiency in every rider—these and a hundred other points will claim the attention of the reader, whether novice or experienced. It may be that some part of this *Practical Horsemanship* is such as can only be put into practice by soldiers with leisure, facilities and money for doing it. It is, at any rate, exhilarating to be told that "a few hundred pounds gone in this (down-the-drain) way is money well spent." But the book is a book which will be prized by everyone who has the chance of reading it—an admirable book, in a light, clearly printed, broad-paged, admirable form. Most of the photographs among the sixteen illustrations are extraordinarily poor photographs. But that can be put right in the next edition: in the meantime they illustrate the author's points sufficiently. C.

Selections: Autobiographical and Imaginative, by A. C. Gissing. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

THE biographical study of George Gissing, made by his son from his writings completes the portrait barely hidden in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." In Mrs. Virginia Wolfe's words, who writes the Introduction, "he is the imperfect novelist through whose books one sees the life of the author faintly covered by the life of fictitious people." Gissing's early life was cast among the very poor of London, and that experience colours nearly all his books. His depression was deeper than that of any manual toiler, for a larger world of opportunity and intellectual enjoyment was continually beckoning him. His characters slowly progressing through experiences of misery and toil, yet grow and enrich their characters in the most desperate sour soil. Then they are obliterated without the pomp or ceremony of the comfortable classes, "even their very children," he says somewhere, "are wearied into forgetfulness." This book contains many of Gissing's eloquent and poetical patches, and he was emerging into an ampler world, was being released from the curse of his early life when death claimed him.

Tom—My Peacock, by Frances Pitt. (Arrowsmith, 5s.)

Toby—My Fox Cub, by Frances Pitt. (Arrowsmith, 5s.)

WHAT a delightful thing it is that Messrs. Arrowsmith should have persuaded Miss Frances Pitt to make these records of her dealings with birds and beasts in such simple language and with such taking portraits by way of illustration. One of the great charms of her work—over and above the faithful study of the ways of fur and feather, which has made it valuable—has always been the simple and unaffected style in which she has written. In both the books under consideration this is more than ever noticeable. The youngest child could follow the fortunes of General Tom Peacock or share Miss Pitt's affection for Toby the fox cub, yet at the same time any reader of any age who cares for animal life and the ways of the countryside will find them the happiest reading. There is an attitude of mind in both books at once kindly and un-sentimental; they open a window on a certain aspect of country life, and to look through it is almost like walking through a summer garden or climbing a thymy hill. For myself, though I enjoyed the—bowdlerized—atmosphere of Restoration comedy in *Tom—My Peacock* and the fights and flirtations among the peacock clan, my heart was won by Toby. Her engaging ways and looks, her playfulness and her naughtiness make her an enchanting character. How I admire the sincerity of the feeling for animals which made Miss Pitt prefer rather to lose such an adorable pet than to chain or confine her, and nearly as much do I admire the fidelity to fact with which she has told both stories, resolutely refusing to embroider her story with thoughts and feelings arrived at by analogy with

human life, or to deceive her readers by so much as a photograph title which might be made more exciting by a disregard of the truth. Two lovely little books, perfect in their own kind. S.

Prevailing Winds, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)
The Mountain Tavern and Other Stories, by Liam O'Flaherty. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

IT is an article of faith with publishers, but one to which I am quite unable to subscribe, that nobody wants books of short stories. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether they really believe it themselves, for they continue to give them to us, in spite of it. And very good—perhaps they have to be very good to pierce the publisher's armour of defence—many of the collections they give us are. Here are two, the first the work of an American writer who knows her sex, particularly the woman of the intellectual class, who is more interested in middle-age than youth and a little inclined to score off the elderly who put themselves ridiculously in the position of the young, as when the vain, middle-aged author who would make copy of the woman he admires has copy—and dramatic copy, too!—made of him. They are rather sad and sophisticated stories of people who are a long way from the soil, but worth reading. Of most of Mr. O'Flaherty's sketches it cannot be said that the people who live in them are far from the soil, and where he allows himself to leave the peasants and their villages his art loses its distinction. There is a strain of delight in bestiality in "The Ditch" which makes it very unattractive, and which shows here and there in others of these tales; indeed, most of them are cruel and sordid, but "The Fairy Goose" and "The Black Rabbit," where his concern is chiefly with animals, are heart-rending but lovely work. All through the book, when he is writing of the peasants and countryside of his own land he has a great, if sometimes abused, power of creating for his readers visions, strong, dark and strangely bright and difficult to forget. S.

Where the Heart Lies, by Ruth Brockington. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

HERE is a story as pleasant as tea with hot cakes by a warm fireside when the wind and rain dash on the windows. There is a great deal of mental disturbance in it, an elopement and a motoring accident, but somehow the serenity of self-respecting upper middle-class home life is never really ruffled, and since, in fact, it is the pride of that class to be "kept tranquil in the midst of strife," that is all to Miss Brockington's credit. Her story is of a pleasant, not quite middle-aged spinster, one Lyndsey Lee into whose quiet life two orphan nieces are unceremoniously dropped. One elopes with Miss Lee's rejected lover, and the other seems to attract the somewhat nebulous man whom Miss Lee herself has learned to love, but it all ends happily and leaves the pleasantest possible taste in the mouth. The beauty of the book, too, is that it is not quite so simple as it appears, and the negative attraction of Miss Lee as she is at the beginning is very clearly merged into that of the far less perfect but much more human woman of the end.

THE new edition of *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*, compiled by Mr. H. W. Fowler (The Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.) and so moderately priced, is a thing which is remarkably pleasant to see. Probably most of us have our favourite dictionaries—the reviewer must plead guilty to an affection for a volume familiarly called the "Bright Lexicon," containing all sorts of most useful words not now current in English, which must have made its appearance about seventy years ago. But among the later dictionaries—for which that same person acknowledges a mild form of mania—the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* occupies a most honoured place. Here are to be seen all our most newly acquired words; even those which have only just crept out of slang into polite use seem to be recorded in this edition. The definitions are a delight. If there is a fault to be found, the definitions are a little too generous and all-embracing, but that is a fault on the right side. *Nuttall's Standard Dictionary of the Current Language* (Frederick Warne, 7s. 6d.), with over 125,000 references, at the same price, has a name which has been known throughout the world for half a century as an authority on the English language, and this new edition, revised, modernised and enlarged, set in very good type and with entirely new illustrations, could hardly be better. The type in particular deserves a word of praise. It is very pleasant to see the word to be defined in clear capitals. The illustrations are very good and have been used intelligently to elucidate those words whose meaning well-nigh eludes the lexicographer's powers of paraphrase, thus making it particularly valuable as a work of reference for young people.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BIRD BEHAVIOUR, by H. Elliot Howard (Cambridge University Press, £2 2s.); **SCOTLAND YARD AND THE METROPOLITAN POLICE**, by J. F. Moylan (Putman, 7s. 6d.); **STONES, HILLTOPS AND THE SEA**, by Ruth Alexander (Alston Rivers, 12s. 6d.); **TO FAR WESTERN ALASKA FOR BIG GAME**, by L. R. Hubback (Rowland Ward, 15s.); **JOAN OF ARC**, by Hilaire Belloc (Cassell, 6s.); **Fiction**.—**THE ATONING YEARS**, by Adelaide Eden Philpotts (Thornton and Butterworth, 7s. 6d.); **BROTHERS AND SISTERS**, by J. Compton Burnett (Heath Cranton, 6s.).



"WAS HE TOBY'S SON?"
From "Toby—My Fox Cub."



The SCALTBACk STUD at NEWMARKET

OFTEN as I have been in Newmarket, except during the later years of the war, I confess that the Scalbuck Stud represented some unknown territory to me. Possibly the first I had heard of it was on reading, soon after the war, that Mr. Charles Garland, a wealthy American who lived at Moreton Morell in Warwickshire, had bequeathed the property to his young trainer, R. J. Colling, the son of "Bob" Colling, who is so widely respected as a trainer and much liked as a sportsman. Mr. Garland I knew in his polo days, when his money went far in creating the well mounted team which played in London called after the name of his place in Warwickshire. Mr. Walter Buckmaster was the pivot of it.

Mr. Garland came to take an interest in racing and then in breeding. If he had lived, I believe the latter would have appealed to him most of all. It may have been the late Sam Pickering, the trainer, who bought him Somme Kiss as a yearling from a Sledmere draft. Somme Kiss won him the Newmarket Stakes, and he is the sire to-day of Reedsmouth, who last year was held in high esteem as a two year old. The time came when, after riding for him, young Jack Colling became Mr. Garland's private trainer. It was during the comparatively short association, all too brief, that Mr. Garland acquired the Scalbuck Stud, which is situated less than a mile out from Newmarket on the road to Exning. When he died he may be said to have established his young trainer friend on the road to success, for it is quite certain that ever since he has pressed steadily forward. It was Bob Colling who purchased the stud in the first

instance for Mr. Garland. It was then in the ownership of Sir Alec Black, who will be recollect as the owner of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, The Panther, and who has now set up at Compton in Dorsetshire what is going to be one of the finest studs in the country. Already he has some beautifully bred mares there, and some day I shall seek his permission to pay the place a visit on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE.

I am not quite sure from whom Sir Alec got the property, but in the late 'eighties it certainly belonged to that rather remarkable character, John Hammond, who made a big fortune out of backing and owning horses. The place was probably used for farm purposes when he purchased it and erected a number of boxes which are still in use. It may be that he found a home there for his horse St. Gatien, who dead-heated with Harvester for the Derby in 1884 and later won the Cesarewitch. That must have been a wonderful year for Hammond, as he also won the Cambridgeshire with the mare Florence. St. Gatien did not make a big mark as a sire, but there is little doubt, I fancy, that he was once located at the Scalbuck Stud.

To-day Scalbuck covers 110 acres, Mr. Colling having bought the additional acreage in quite recent times. Now, that is an ideal size for a stud which makes no pretence of being carried on on a big scale. Especially is it big for one within the precincts, as it were, of Newmarket. It is certainly one of the most pleasantly situated, if we except those farther out of the town, like Cheveley Park and Banstead Manor. There are steep hedges and strips of plantations which ensure shelter and



Frank Griggs.

MR. J. JARVIS'S ETHNARCH.

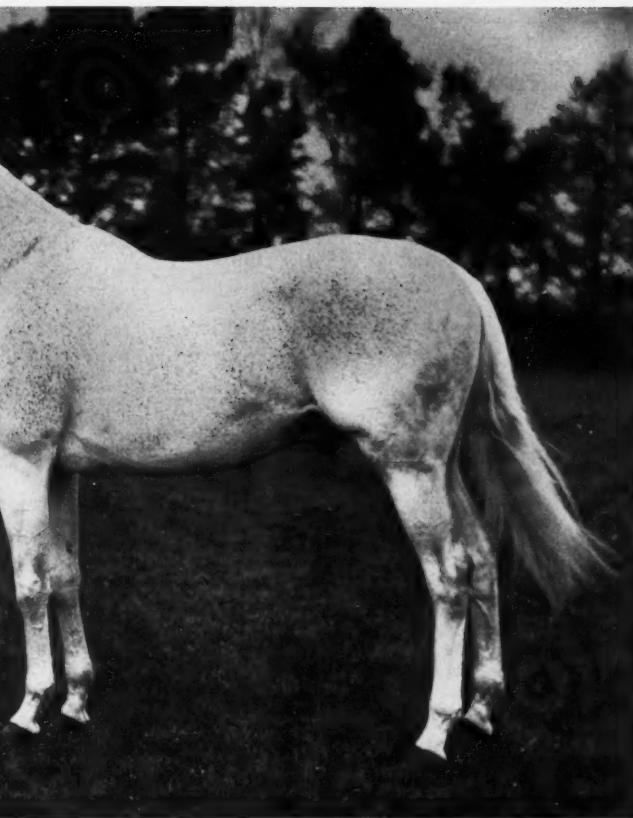
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quiet. Both are so very essential if the mares and the young stock are to prosper.

You can stand on the property and let the eye survey neighbouring paddocks in which many famous horses have walked. Quite close are the buildings in which Sir Abe Bailey's sires, Son in Law and Foxlaw, are at home. Beyond the narrow strip of road which runs parallel with that part of the Heath known as South Fields such notables as Bayardo, Gay Crusader and Lemberg ran as foals and yearlings. You can see the high roof of the new Grand Stand on the Rowley Mile course showing above the long belt of trees. Away on the right Lemberg stood for a number of years at the Hamilton Stud, and only the other day he reminded us of his career as a sire when his daughter, Taj Mah, won the One Thousand Guineas.

Stud farms vary only in those embellishments which denote the rich breeder. In the vital essentials they are all aiming at the same first principles of the best natural feeding, warmth and enlightened hygienic stable management—at least, we must presume they are in the case of every first-class stud. We know, of course, subsoils vary greatly, from the heavy clay and loam of certain establishments, say, in Sussex to the ideal, limestone which is encountered here and there and especially in Ireland, to the chalk of studs laid out on downland, and to the comparatively light and rich soils in the Newmarket area. I cannot imagine there is any material difference between the group of stud farms in that area in which is included Scalback.

I have seen more elaborate boxes set apart for famous horses than are occupied now by Ellangowan, Poltava and Ethnarch. Such as Manna, Solario, Hurry On and Coronach are housed in almost palatial surroundings. Manna has his private paddock for exercise at will, which is also true of a number of other stallions I could name. The Scalback stallions, which are domiciled there by arrangement with their owners, would not be looking as well as they were when I saw them were they not most carefully tended, with every regard paid



MR. W. RAPHAEL'S POLTAVA.

to the great importance of exercise. Ellangowan is the chieftain of the little group. I remember well seeing him win the Two Thousand Guineas by a head for Lord Rosebery. The son of Lemberg and Lammermuir (by Sunstar) had not had a deal of racing when Jack Jarvis sent him to the post for the first of the classic races in 1923. Still, his trainer knew that he was a smart horse, and the fact that he started at 7 to 1 against indicates that opinion in this case was well backed "on the rails." Twelve Pointer and Legality were much shorter-priced in the betting; and Papyrus, who was destined to win the Derby some time later, shared with Ellangowan the 7 to 1 mark. Altogether it was a rather remarkable race. Twelve Pointer and Legality signally failed, and the prospective Derby winner was not in the first three. Ellangowan won by a head from Lord Woolavington's little known Knockando, who is to-day located at the Combe Park Stud on the outskirts of Reading.

Having won the Two Thousand Guineas, it was naturally hoped that Ellangowan would win Lord Rosebery his fourth Derby, but at Epsom he had to put up with ninth place. At Ascot, however, he won the St. James's Palace Stakes and, later in the year, the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, having behind him, among others, Twelve Pointer, who subsequently won the Cambridgeshire under a considerable weight. It will be understood, therefore, that Ellangowan was a racehorse of unquestioned class, and, being also a very charming horse as an individual, it was not a little surprising at the time that Lord Rosebery did not decide to retire him to his stud at Mentmore. Obviously, he had his own good reasons for not doing so, for which Jack Jarvis to-day is, no doubt, truly thankful. Lord Rosebery decided to send him up for sale, and, I believe, the reserve placed on him was either seven or eight thousand guineas. He left the sale ring without reaching the reserve.

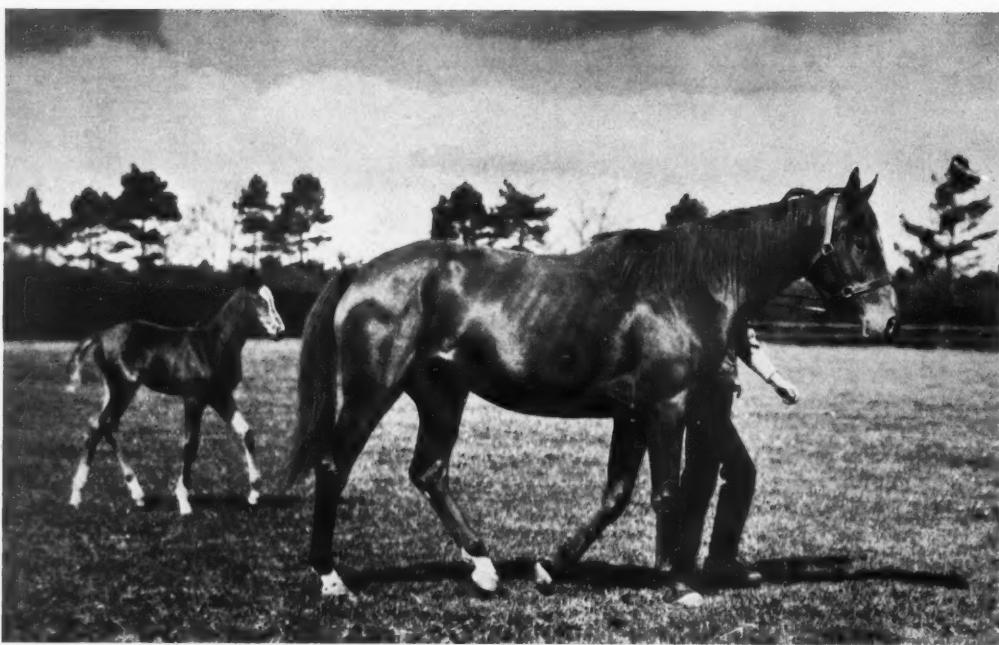
Now the trainer reappears on the scene. No one knew better than my friend, Jack



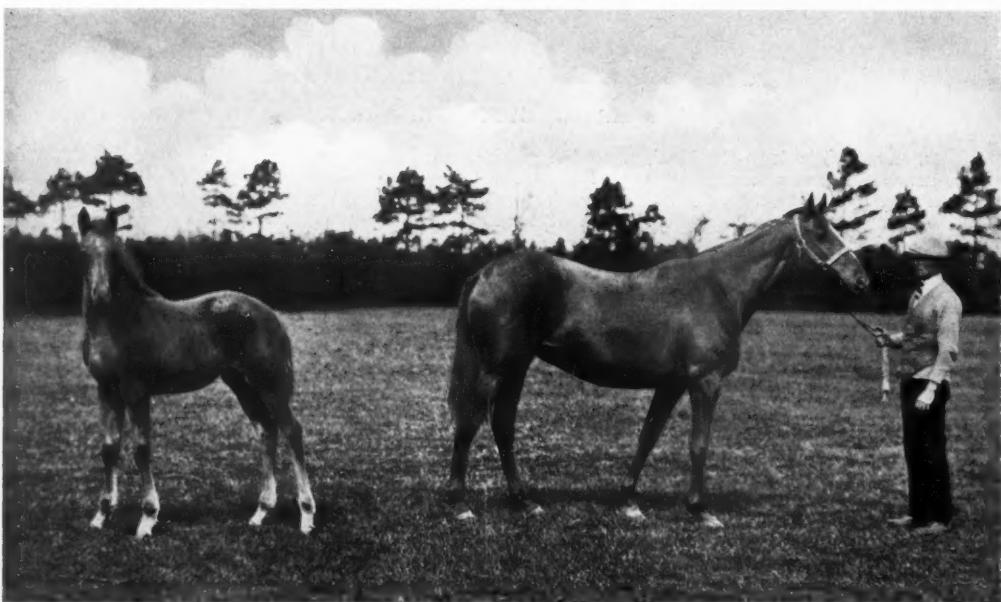
Frank Griggs.

MR. J. JARVIS'S ELLANGOWAN.

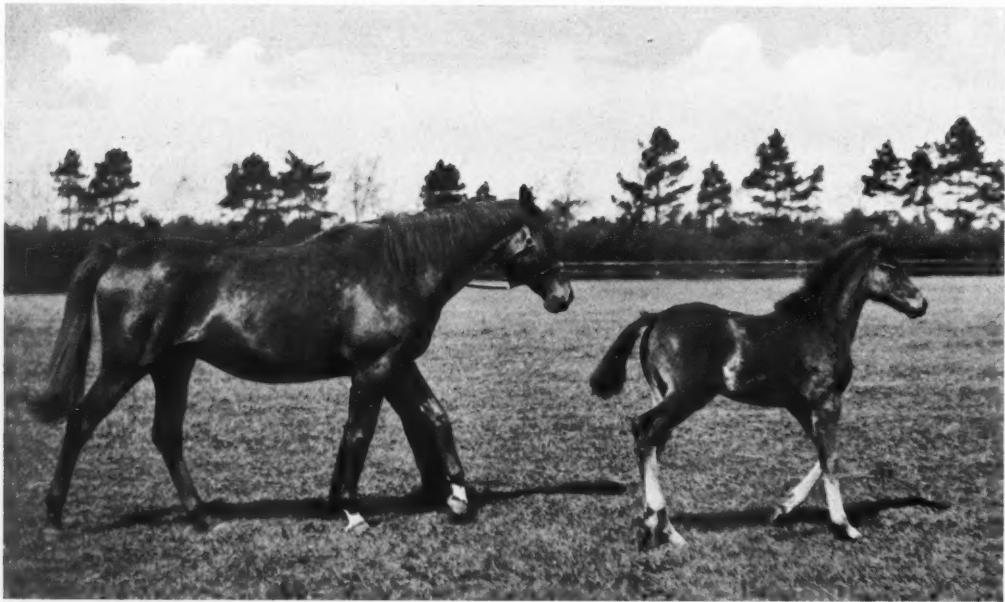
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BRAES OF JARROW AND FILLY FOAL BY FRIAR MARCUS.



SEAPLANE AND FOAL BY SALMON TROUT



Frank Griggs.

DROSSEL AND FILLY FOAL BY SCHERZO.

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Jarvis, that Ellangowan was not only a classic winner, but that he was a horse of charming temperament, likely to do really well as a sire. He was also aware that the breeding was quite immaculate. He then expressed a desire to Lord Rosebery to buy the horse privately, and with that object in view he formed a small syndicate with a capital of, I believe, £6,000. It may have been more, but if it was rather more, then it is no less true that Lord Rosebery permitted his trainer to secure a wonderful bargain. What, for instance, would Mr. Jinks, the Two Thousand Guineas winner of to-day, make if sent into the ring? Certainly £15,000, probably £20,000.

I do not know whether the same syndicate owns the horse to-day, but I may not be wrong in assuming that Jack Jarvis is quite the largest shareholder. He has certainly deserved the success he has made of the horse. His faith was great and his enthusiasm in persuading breeders to share his faith had its due reward. Ellangowan, therefore, on going to take up his quarters at the Scalbuck Stud may be said to have been a big success from the outset at a fee which represents a marvellous interest on the original capital which purchased him from Lord Rosebery.

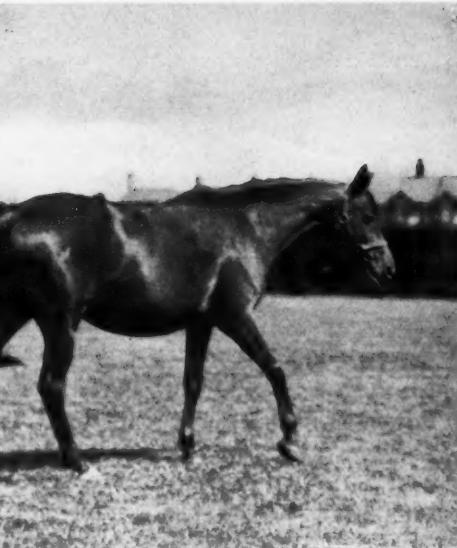
One need seek for no more convincing proof of his success and the way his stock are now being sought after than the prices made by his yearlings in 1928. Eleven by him sold for the first average of 1,390 guineas. The highest price paid was 4,400 guineas, the lowest 620 guineas. The high-priced one was a filly named Julie Manner, from the mare Harpoon, bred by Dr. J. Bernard Wall, and bought by Captain Gerald I. Portman.

The reader will gather from the very excellent picture of the horse as he is to-day that quality is written all over him. I call his limbs quite ideal, especially in the strength of the hock and the fullness of the second thighs. Note, too, the remarkable length of the horse and the immense length of rein. His head is most intelligent and

kind in expression. No wonder that all who have to do with him are very fond of him. I think the most remarkable foal I ever saw in the matter of size and wonderful bone and strength is the three year old now known as Ellenborough. He is by Ellangowan from Waiontha and belongs to Mr. E. Esmond. He was not prominent in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas the other day, but he is relatively as big now as he was during foalhood days, and such a big colt will not be at his best until softer going comes along to make training and racing easier for him.

Jack Jarvis is also concerned, either wholly or partially, in the ownership of the sire Ethnarch. As with Ellangowan, he also had the training of this handsome and striking-looking dapple grey horse. Ethnarch was bred by Sir George Bullough, whose colours he carried when in training. He is a son of The Tetrarch and Karenza. When Ethnarch was foaled the mare was twelve years old. She was by William the Third, from a daughter of Carbine, so that, although Ethnarch was not a stayer, there is no reason why stock sired by him should not stay. The photographer, Mr. Griggs, has got a rare and delightful picture of him as he walks with pointed off toe, the shoulder flexing perfectly, the whole, in fact, working like a piece of machinery.

Ethnarch was a very fast horse when in training, and was never so much fancied to win a race as when the starter left him many lengths for a Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. He has not been long enough in retirement for his success to be judged as in the case of Ellangowan, but his first foals are already on earth and creating the right sort of impression. As time goes on, Ethnarch will



SPECTRE AND C. FOAL BY DROPHON.

inevitably gain in that stallion character which comes from experience of stud life.

Then the third sire at Scatbeck is Poltava, now almost snow-white except for his fleabitten appearance. How he reminds one in that respect of a blood-like Arab, though, of course, he is ever so much bigger! And what an exquisitely bred horse he is. Here is

one of the

fastest horses sired by that great horse Polymelus from a famous mare in Tagale, who bred a Derby winner in her grey filly Tagalie. She won the Derby of 1912. It was from her that Poltava gained his very distinctive colour. Apart from him, I cannot recall any grey Polymelus of any note.

He was bred by Mr. Walter Raphael, who remains his owner to this day. He may have sired a few winners for him; it is certain he has sired a number for other people. They have been horses to whom he has transmitted his qualities of speed. As a horse in training he was a tempestuous individual, so keen and eager was he to get on with the job of racing. All I can say of him to-day is that he is a most blood-like creature, that may yet produce one as good as he himself was on the race-course.

Now, turning to the mares I noticed on the occasion of my visit, I must make mention of Quick Thought, whose three year old by Ellangowan, named Haste Away, was the winner this year of the Tudor Stakes at Sandown Park. Quick Thought is shown now with

her foal by the Derby winner, Papyrus. The mare is of National Stud breeding, being a daughter of that fine sire of brood mares, White Eagle, from a daughter of the Derby winner, Minoru. Her first foal was by Grey Fox II and was named Fox River, who was a winner in the north this year. The colt by Papyrus,

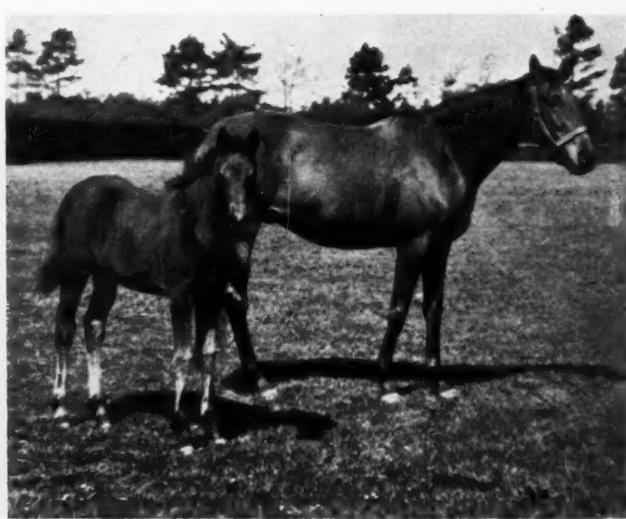


FILLY FOAL BY ETHNARCH—SUNSHINE ROSE.



rank Griggs.

QUICK THOUGHT AND C. FOAL BY PAPYRUS.



BENEFICE AND FILLY FOAL BY HIGHBORN II.

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being a half-brother to *Haste Away*, must undoubtedly possess considerable value now.

Another White Eagle mare is *Seaplane* from *Semitone*, owned by the Messrs. Brice, and I particularly mention her because her foal by *Salmon Trout*, the St. Leger winner, is quite one of the best I have seen at any stud this year. Certainly he stands out among the Scaliback foals. Some of the foals were specially interesting, because it happened that they are by comparatively new sires. Instances are *Spectre*, with a foal by *Diophon*; *Benefice* and her foal by *Highborn II*; and *Sunshine Rose*, with her filly foal by *Ethnarch*. Another that caught my eye because of his promise was *Drossel*'s foal by *Scherzo*.

Now, *Highborn II* and *Scherzo* were both sprinters when in training, and quite notable at that. History tells that sprinter sires have played a big part in siring winners, and I have no doubt that *Highborn II*—who was bred in France, and is now at the Lambourn Stud and the property of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen—and *Scherzo*, who is at the same stud, are going to carry on the tradition. *Drossel* was bred by Mr. W. M. Cazalet and is by *Missel Thrush* from a *Gallinule* mare. There is much to like about the active *Diophon* foal from *Spectre*, who is a daughter of *Stormaway* from a *Sunder* mare. *Braes of Yarrow*'s foal is by *Friar Marcus*, who is notorious for stamping his stock with his own imprint.

Benefice is an *Achto* mare. This sire has made a name for himself as a sire of stayers. *Arctic Star*, the last *Cesarewitch* winner, is by him. Certainly the blend with the speed

represented by *Highborn II* ought to be ideal—at any rate, it is in theory, between which and practice there can, of course, be a wide gulf. A foal I liked is one attributed to *Milton* from Sir R. C. Garton's *Syrian Star*. It is rather interesting to recall that Jack Colling used to train *Milton* for Mr. Garland. The sire is little known to-day, but I believe the first of his produce has already won.

Among the mares to Ellangowan this year is the nice maiden *Bagatelle*, belonging to Lady James Douglas; *Quick Thought*, to whom reference has been made; the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's fine race-winning mare, *Hunt the Slipper*, for whom a very big price was paid at auction; *Fridoline*, a winner at Ascot of a handicap for Lord Rosebery; the grey mare *Berence*, who was smart as a sprinter when carrying the colours of Mrs. Shafato and trained by Jack Jarvis; Lord Carnarvon's good mare *Doushka*; Lord Wimborne's valuable mare *Fancy Free*; Mr. Drage's *Perfetta*, the dam of several winners; and the Sledmere Stud's *Maer* (dam of Mr. Esmond's very nice three year old *Montclair* and a winner this year)—all these have been mated with *Ellangowan*, which is a guarantee that his stud success is sure to be continued. *Ethnarch* is having his chance, too, and I am glad to think *Poltava* is not being neglected. A together, the Scaliback Stud, the management of which is in the able hands of the owner's brother, Mr. George Colling, was never as important in the breeding world as it is to-day, and the probability is that under its enlightened ownership and management the good work will certainly be continued on an ever-rising scale.

PHILIPPOS.

FARM MECHANISATION

MACHINE MILKING

A PROBLEM which confronts the average agriculturist at the present time concerns the extent to which mechanical power can be used to advantage on the farm. It would appear that out of the large variety of suggestions which have been put forward for the solution of agricultural problems, the employment of labour-saving devices is convincing in its appeal. It is, however, that perfection has not been reached in regard to every mechanical operation, but this is no excuse why mechanical aid should not be utilised to the fullest possible extent.

The extension of dairy farming in recent years has once again brought mechanical milking into the foreground. There was a period during the days of labour scarcity in the war when farmers turned to milking machines as a solution of their troubles. The subsequent history in many cases revealed the fact that with labour becoming more plentiful at the end of the war there was a general return to manual milking. Various reasons were advanced as to preference for hand-milking. Generally it concerned the faulty mechanical means employed, or lack of understanding on the part of those who manipulated the plant. Notwithstanding this, there are examples of agriculturists who have stuck to machine milkers despite all the adverse criticisms levelled at them, and their persistence has undoubtedly rewarded them, in that machines have been improved thereby, while, at the same time, it has helped others to realise that there are certain essentials which make for success, and which, when observed, give satisfaction. At the moment there is, in general, a considerable extension of the practice of machine milking in this country. This has been forced upon dairy farmers as a result of the difficulty of depending upon manual labour, together with the high cost of labour. Again, machines have been vastly improved, and once again it appears evident that a full trial is to be given to machine milking in this country. Those who lead the way include some of the foremost dairy farmers, who are specialising in the production of the highest grades of milk. This, in itself, speaks volumes for the efficiency and cleanliness of the mechanical milker.

It is deserving of emphasis, however, that efficiency in the utilisation of farm machinery largely depends upon the ability of those controlling the implements and machines to get the best out of them. In many directions the management of some machines is fairly "fool-proof." Applied to milking machines, one must recognise the difficulty of any such application. Even ordinary manual milking, where correct observance of cleanliness is practised, demands constant care and attention to details. The modern milking machine will do the work expected of it with remarkable efficiency, but over and above this the degree of human skill employed along with it in connection with its management will determine whether the practice is to be satisfactory both as regards labour saving and the production of a pure product.

The evidence is fairly conclusive that successful machine milking demands an interested worker to control it, and one who is fully conversant with the various points concerning the units utilised. On this point it is rare that difficulties arise in finding a suitable man. Furthermore, those who erect and install machines make it their business to impart complete instructions on the management of milking machines. Some

firms go to the length of giving service after a machine has been installed, and in this way safeguard their own reputation, and from time to time put users right when difficulties have crept in. This, in itself, is a sound principle. One would naturally expect a higher standard of efficiency where the owner himself kept an eye on the milking machine in practice, and this is where the most satisfactory results have been generally obtained.

There is still a lingering belief among some that machine milking is harmful to the cows. This is now far from actual fact. In the majority of cases cows prefer to be milked by machine than by hand, and often the machine is the cure for a kicking cow. It must be emphasised that machines do not generally extract the last drop of milk from the udder. It is not economical to leave the machine on to accomplish this and, furthermore, manual stripping is advantageous from its effect on the udder, and also from the fact that a close observation can be kept on the healthiness or otherwise of the udder.

From the labour-saving viewpoint the modern machine has much to recommend it. It is considered advisable to allow two men to every four units utilised. One unit is capable of milking seven cows per hour, on which basis four units milk twenty-eight cows per hour. One of the men would be engaged in looking after the units and the other in stripping. Some investigators have suggested that five minutes should be the approximate length of time for milking a cow by a machine, and that the stripings which remain are obtained more quickly by hand than by allowing the machine to continue for a longer time. Experience, however, will generally determine the length of time which is most suitable for the cows concerned.

The item which assumes the greatest degree of importance is the cleaning of the machines, and this is where an unusual degree of care is necessary. By the adoption of careful methods it is a simple matter to ensure success even in this. Steam sterilisation is now being adopted, and though this has the effect of reducing the life of the rubbers employed, it is not considerable having regard to the greater cleanliness which results.

THE AYRSHIRE CATTLE SOCIETY.

Several breed societies during recent years have found it helpful to publish from time to time a special journal dealing with the records of the breeds concerned. The Ayrshire Society has now brought itself into line by issuing a quarterly journal devoted to the interests of Ayrshire cattle. This breed society is generally regarded as being among the leaders in the field of publicity, and by good organisation the merits of the Ayrshire have been ably demonstrated in those quarters where it is important to attract attention. The outstanding achievements at the last three London Dairy Shows have revealed a consistency of performance which has placed them at the head of the single-purpose milk breeds. Having regard to these performances, it is not surprising to find that a growing market is being experienced and that they are becoming well distributed in England.

There is one factor which is a great asset to the breed, and that is that, despite the high yields of milk which it is capable of giving, the butter fat percentage is well above the legal minimum of 3 per cent. Thus, the London Dairy Show Champion, *Bargower Eva*, which averaged about eight gallons of milk daily at the Show, had a butter fat percentage in the region of 4 per cent., and in the butter tests yielded 1lb. of butter from every 22.7lb. of milk yielded.

YOUNG ENGLAND



MISS ELIZABETH VYNER, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CLARE VYNER, R.N., AND LADY DORIS VYNER.



THE HON. WENTWORTH BEAUMONT, ELDER SON OF VISCOUNT ALLENDALE, M.C., AND VISCOUNTESS ALLENDALE.



Marcus Adams.
THE EARL OF WILTON, WHO SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER AS SEVENTH EARL IN 1927.



43, Dover Street, W.1.
MISS ANN CAROLINE MACMILLAN, ELDER DAUGHTER OF MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.C., AND LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN.

COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

RAILWAY STATION, HELSINGFORS.
Eliel Saarinen, Architect.

THE importance of the exhibition (free) at the Royal Institute of British Architects' Galleries is that it is the first survey of post-war progress in which every one of the buildings shown has been specifically selected. Thus the walls are not crowded, and every building "tells." Indeed, they tell so much that the rooms ought to be crowded with visitors. As a matter of fact, they are not, though Burlington House is crammed with people looking at their reflections in the glass, and so are exhibitions of applied commercial architecture at Olympia. It would seem that to interest the miserable British public (why should they perpetually be flattered as "great"?) an exhibition must pander to their ideas of what art is. And that idea is limited to a blend of personalities and domesticity: a graphic expression of a page of the evening papers. Unless there are pictures of people, or things relating to villa life, the public is not to be roused from apathy. Anything in the nature of original thinking, of theory, does not penetrate to their minds at all.

This is a very important psychological fact, which is emphasised by the buildings illustrated in this exhibition. By a careful selection of many of the best recent English buildings, and only representative examples of the best of foreign nations' (the majority shown by Mr. Yerbury's excellent photographs) England puts up a very good show. But if recent English commercial architecture had been similarly treated, and the typical erections of the last ten years been shown, we should see how seriously

hampered architecture is in this country by the mistrust by most business men of theory as applied to their premises. But it is not only architecture that is hampered by this defect. Commercial architecture is as integral a part of commerce as publicity or salesmanship, and bad, muddled, unimaginative stores or factories are as prejudicial to good business as bad publicity or unimaginative salesmanship. The striking improvement noticeable during the past few years shows that business men are realising at last that imaginative architecture attracts custom and stimulates trade. A little instance of this appears in the story of the branch of a multiple shoe shop in a provincial capital. One of our most original architects was employed to design the premises, and headquarters got him to arrange the shoes in the window for the opening day. What he did, apparently, went clean counter to all traditions of footwear display, and the staff of the branch were outraged. But receipts during that one week doubled.

As Mr. Goodhart-Rendel says in the characteristically witty preface to the catalogue: "There is nothing so truly practical as to have imagination, and the business men who have ordered and paid for the buildings shown on these walls have invested money much more wisely than most of their competitors. They have not been afraid of architectural theory, they have bought not only ground, stone and steel, but skill in using them as well. They have mostly grudged the expense of useless decoration, but have spent something on ideas. In

BEEHIVE SHOP, THE HAGUE.
P. Kramer, Architect.

doing so they have done good both to themselves and to the community."

For, quite apart from theory or no theory, the business man is the emperor and bishop of to-day. Commercial architecture is the architecture characteristic of the twentieth century, as civic architecture was of Roman and ecclesiastical of mediæval days. The shops of the eighteenth century were primarily men's homes, with a showroom worked in. During last century the merchant's parlour was displaced, but the domestic note was not also rejected, but was incredibly vulgarised. Shops, railway stations, offices were plastered with "a wealth" of ornaments borrowed from Tudor manor houses and Palladian mansions, till the idea of trade itself was inseparable from the idea of vulgarity. What the modern architect is trying to do is to associate trade with the idea of efficiency. And, however apathetic the public may be about the theory of efficient architecture, it is clear that they like the quality itself when they meet it in a shop.

In England we are influenced by two modern styles, American and Continental, of which the latter is by far the more original. The photographs of American skyscrapers scarcely do them justice, but even allowing for the difficulty of representing them, we can see that height and simplicity are their chief novelties, on which the modern zoning law has imposed a tapering form. In recent skyscrapers, like the Telephone Building, New York, simple mass has taken the place of large-scale ornament derived from Gothic—which, in the Woolworth Building, is now thought quite *vieux jeu*. The Telephone Building clearly owes much to modern Dutch and German work.

These countries furnish the most interesting photographs in the exhibition, and it is to them that both English and American architects owe many of their ideas. Here we can see human needs shaping form, free from the necessity of exaggerated height and from the homage, long paid by American architects, to classical precedent. In much commercial architecture, too, it is the needs of machines rather than of men that suggest the form of buildings. The photographs show garage buildings at Dusseldorf and Paris that are shaped as much for the needs of motors as of men, and the striking formal arrangements of tall chimneys and roofs in some of the photographs of factories show what beauty purely utilitarian requirements, if handled with imagination, can beget. The Radio Tower at Kootwyk, Holland, by J. M. Luthman is an outstanding example of originality applied to a building for which obviously no precedent exists.

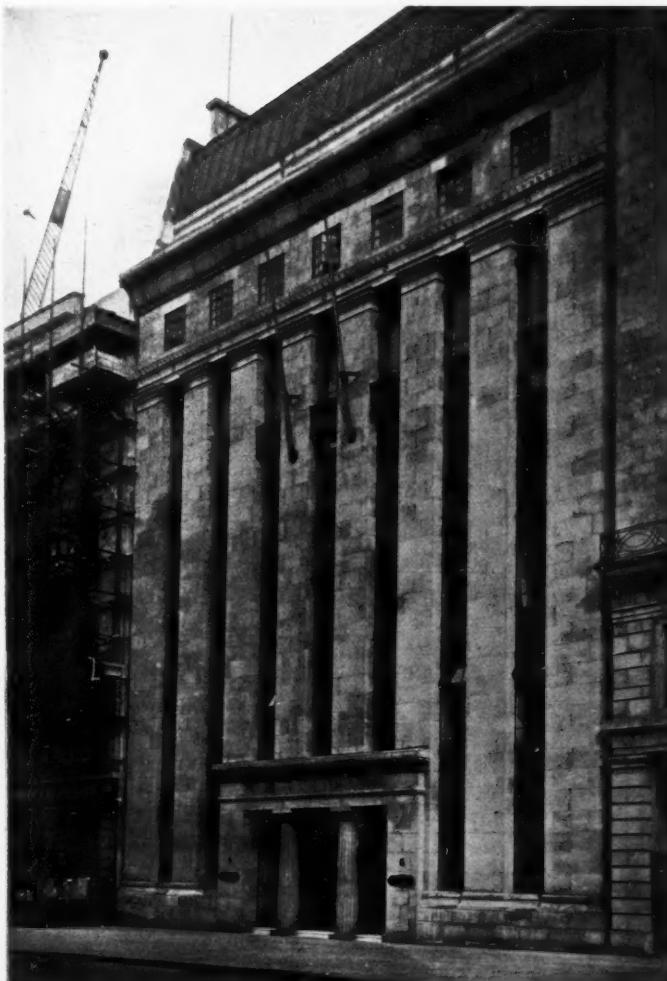
Among the numerous shop buildings, a large one by P. Kramer at the Hague shows a firm grasp of essentials. We are accustomed to façades of glass between masonry piers—usually emphasised with the glass filling recessed. Here the architect has enriched and set forward the glass filling and made it dominate the elevations, producing thereby a refreshing solution of the problem without having recourse to hackneyed columns and entablatures. But it is one thing to be original and quite another to produce a work of art. Yet in his railway station at Helsingfors Eliel Saarinen has achieved both. It is harmonious with the Finnish landscape, strongly national, and at the same time owes nothing to mediæval or classic precedent.

The English examples show a restraint that, at best, is the most charming quality of our art, but often serves only to prevent clear thinking. Heal and Son's shop by Smith and Brewer was, and continues to be, a model of quiet effectiveness. How much, I wonder, does the great reputation of that shop not owe to its admirable façade? The exceedingly original mind that increasingly dominates the work of Sir John Burnet and Partners is less subject than most to restraint. But Adelaide House and Vigo House, Regent Street, though open to a charge of heaviness, are magnificent in contrast to the pathetic feebleness of, say, Regent Street as a whole. In Courtauld's new premises Mr. Sylvester Sullivan has gone one better and produced a façade that is both modern and graceful.

A delightful collection of shop fronts and details, from Paris and Sweden and by Mr. Joseph Emberton in England, exemplify what may be called the modern rococo. The style is characterised by an agitated harmony of cubes and triangles, producing a very similar effect on the mind to the agitated fantasy of rococo. At the other extreme is the work in Germany of Herr Mendelsohn, represented by his "Shochen" Stores in Berlin: a bowed façade entirely of glass in which the vertical lines are entirely suppressed and only the tiers of floors emphasised. Buildings of this sort look like slices of "layer cake." It is an experiment. But while we may, perhaps, be relieved that it was not undertaken in London, we cannot but admire the courage and imagination of the proprietor who gives the architect the opportunity to make it. And, no doubt, he is amply repaid.



RADIO TOWER, KOOTWYK
J. M. Luthman, Architect.



COURTAULD'S NEW PREMISES, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.
Sylvester Sullivan, Architect.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FINE OLD WINDMILL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some of your readers may recognise this fine example of a weald windmill, built



A SURVIVAL OF OLD COUNTRY LIFE.

something more than a hundred years ago when it paid to grow wheat on the Horsham clay. It stands on a hill south of Ockley, a few hundred yards east of Stane Street, and from its base you can see the line of the South Downs and Chanctonbury Ring, twenty odd miles away. But it is rapidly falling into decay, as my photograph shows, and unless something is soon done to preserve it its doom is inevitable.—H. E. WORTHAM.

GOLDEN ORIOLE IN SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I fancy that the appearance of the golden oriole in Sussex is not quite such a rare happening as Miss R. M. Pollard considers it to be. A relative of mine who lived for many years in Sussex said that, in 1880 and for several years afterwards, the golden oriole nested there in a small wood of firs and mixed trees. The wood was private property and very secluded, and nothing disturbed its quiet. She had looked for and found the nests each year. But she was unable to tell for how long the orioles nested there, for she left the county many years ago. The wood in question had always drawn a blank when I visited it, but in 1916, when passing through a narrow, secluded lane in another part of the district, I saw a golden oriole. This lane led out on to the common and on one side was a wood. As I paused to gather some bluebells, a golden oriole flashed past me, but I could not see his mate nor did I see him again. The next spring a friend passing through the same lane saw a golden oriole fly across to the common. It was

not until the spring of 1925 that I again saw another golden oriole in Sussex. Strange to say, it was at much the same place as I had previously seen him. There was no sign of a mate and, in spite of looking, I did not see him again. I, therefore, concluded that I had only seen an accidental visitor. However, as Miss Pollard has been fortunate enough to see a pair, they will, perhaps, nest, and if they succeed in rearing a family the golden oriole may become a regular breeding species in Sussex. Unfortunately, as they are fruit eaters, in the fruit season the Sussex strawberry growers will treat him as they do the blackbirds and thrushes, and shoot him. A most unfortunate proceeding, for these birds are shot in dozens, in spite of the good they do by devouring insects, slugs and snails. One must hope that the golden orioles will not share the same fate.—PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.

SUDSBURY—CAVENDISH COTTAGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You were kind enough on May 11th to print a letter I wrote to you on behalf of my committee with regard to the seven mediæval cottages at Sudbury. I have received a letter from Mr. Leonard Morgan-May, F.S.A., in which he writes that he will be willing to buy the cottage at the far end of the row shown in the photograph you reprinted, for £203. He adds that later he might be able to help further to save these buildings. I have Mr. May's permission to make this known in the hope that other readers of COUNTRY LIFE will come forward to help us save this group. Such generosity is much appreciated by lovers of ancient buildings in England.—A. R. POWYS, Secretary, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

[We are glad to learn that Mr. Powys's recent appeal has met with so prompt a response. Mr. Morgan-May's public spirited action, however, will be negatived unless his lead is followed. The row of cottages is emphatically worthy of preservation. Will not lovers of Gainsborough's art, who will pay thousands of pounds for a picture by him, come forward to save this fine fragment of the town that bred him.—ED.]

PULBOROUGH BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The old single-way bridge over the Arun at Pulborough, though never adequate for modern traffic, might surely have been prevented from falling into the deplorable condition shown in the photograph. When it was whole it was as fine a structure as Stopham Bridge, a little way up-stream.—ALLAN PHILLIP.

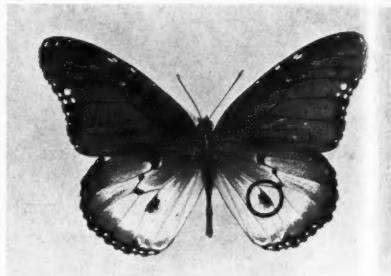


PULBOROUGH BRIDGE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

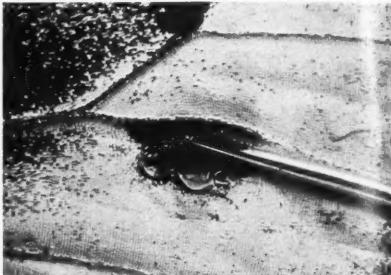
A BUTTERFLY WITH A SCENT SACHET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A very curious insect is the Danais butterfly of East Africa. This butterfly has



THE DANAIIS BUTTERFLY. THE CIRCLE ON THE RIGHT WING SURROUNDS THE SCENT CELLS.



A MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENT CELLS.

a little pocket in each of the hind wings. In this pocket there are certain scales connected with glandular cells. The cells produce a perfume which becomes volatile when it gets into the air. The odour is a sweet penetrating fragrance which is suggestive of fresh violets.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

“THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON.”

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—How many people have known the panting relief of reaching the other side of a five-bar gate in time to avoid a meeting with an approaching herd of cows! But what

would be their despair if they knew that their safety depended, not on the height of the gate, but on the good temper of the cow? For, as a matter of fact, cows, in spite of their ungainly shape, can jump almost as well as horses, and a scene that I witnessed the other afternoon testifies to their surprising agility. A herd of ten or fifteen cows, evidently just escaped from their pastures, came stampeding across a field of young corn. A heated and furious cowherd pursued them, and by dint of much shouting and waving of arms turned them towards the hedge that bordered the field. As the cows reached it they rose in turn and jumped it, taking it as neatly as hunters. Every one landed safely and trotted away to her neglected meal.—P.

A BURIED CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some ten or twelve miles north-east of Winchester, about midway between that



THE CHURCH "UNDER THE GROUND."

city and Basingstoke, but at some distance from the main road, are the three secluded and not very accessible villages of Brown or Abbot Candover, Chilton Candover and Preston Candover. About 1845 the thirteenth-fourteenth century parish church of Chilton Candover was in a very dilapidated condition. A new church was built about half a mile westward, and the old church became more and more ruinous, until, in 1878, it was demolished to the ground level and the site became overgrown with grass like the rest of the churchyard. A year or two ago, an old resident, a man of about eighty years of age, stated that as a boy he had played in a church *under the ground*. Little attention was paid to the assertion for some time, but the old man was so persistent as to the accuracy of his statement that the incumbent of the parish determined to make a trial excavation on the site. The results of this trial were so promising that the work was continued, resulting in the discovery of a small but very complete church buried beneath the level of the sloping churchyard. The building consists of a vaulted nave, measuring 14 ft. by 10 ft., and an apsidal chancel about 6 ft. by 6 ft. The walls, which are 5 ft. thick, are built of flint rubble, the stones in places, more especially near the base, being set in herring-bone fashion. The nave walls are pierced, both north and south, by a very small window which is very widely splayed within. The chancel is lighted by three similar windows, the one at the extreme east being slightly to the south of the axial line of the church. The nave has a plain barrel vault, constructed of flint, chalk and mortar. The chancel arch is round-headed, without imposts, and is about 4 ft. in width. The arch at the west entrance is almost identical with the chancel arch. This western arch is, however, obviously not in its original position, for in the north and south

walls are windows similar to those already mentioned, which are blocked by the ends of the western wall which lies between them. The floor of the church is of chalk, and excavation only revealed undisturbed chalk. When discovered, the church was quite empty, except for a stone coffin which lay in the middle of the nave, and a few scraps of partially disintegrated glass. A Norman font, square, with rudely cut arcading, has been discovered buried outside the building. The date of the structure is stated by a competent authority to be *circa* 1130. There is a considerable amount of other masonry in the immediate vicinity of the church, and it is probable that further excavation may be carried on during the coming summer. Such excavation may supply the answer to the question which puzzles local antiquaries—“Was this church

originally built above ground level, or was it a crypt?”—C. R. TOMLINS.

SPORTING DOGS IN CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The principal Chinese game bird is the pheasant, which is found in the oak and chestnut scrub on hilly ground, and in reeds or crops on the flats. To get the birds up within shot dogs are necessary. The most suitable animal is a pointer, as long-haired dogs are most difficult to keep free from ticks. Unfortunately, no matter what breed of dog is used, it is liable sooner or later to fall a victim to *systemaria*, a form of hook worm which infests the whole animal's system, especially the heart. The host of this pest is a very minute shell fish, which flourishes in permanent water in which there is no current. The creature is so minute and penetrates through the skin so rapidly that washing a dog's feet at the end of the day in disinfectant would appear to be no safeguard.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

HEREFORDSHIRE DOOR-RINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* your recent picture of a sanctuary ring at Dormington in Herefordshire, I am sending you photographs of three examples of door-rings from the same county. Two of them are on church doors, namely, at Holme Lacy and Woolhope, while the third is to be seen on the front door of Fawley Court, near Ross. The latter has the date 1635 and the initials I. K., which are those of John Kyrle, known as the Man of Ross, to whose family the Court formerly belonged. The house is now a farm, but retains some ancient features. The two other church door-rings, which are situated within a few miles of each other, are of considerably earlier date

than the Fawley example, probably fourteenth century.—W. A. CALL.

"OUR CAT AND ANOTHER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There used to be an old saying current in the Shropshire district which I have not heard of as being used elsewhere. It was addressed to anyone who made an obviously exaggerated statement, and consisted of the caustic comment, “Oh, yes—our cat and another!” The explanation is said to be as follows: A little girl ran to her mother in a farmhouse kitchen with the startling announcement, “Mother, there's a hundred cats in the house!” “Nonsense, don't tell stories!” “Well, I'm sure there's fifty.” “Don't be silly, child.” On which came the reluctant admission, “Well, anyway, there's our cat and another.” A cat, too, figured in another saying seldom heard to-day. “Eh, what a tail our cat's got!” was the frequent exclamation of a countrywoman upon seeing a female neighbour very much dressed-up.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

A LADY RABBIT'S TOILET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is quite a common thing nowadays to see ladies performing their toilets in public,



"BEAUTY CULTURE."

but one rarely comes upon a wild creature doing so. They are rather shy and have no desire to attract attention. However, this lady wild rabbit, photographed while she was cleaning her face, seemed as particular about her nose as any human lady using her powder pad. It was quite amusing to watch her passing her pad over her nose again and again, and as I thought it would make a unique and interesting picture, I photographed her doing it.—G. HEARN.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DOOR RING.
From the front door of Fawley Court.A FOURTEENTH CENTURY DOOR RING.
From Holme Lacy Church.A FOURTEENTH CENTURY DOOR RING.
From Woolhope Church.

A MEMORABLE RACE FOR THE NEWMARKET STAKES

THE DERBY SITUATION AS IT IS NOW.

THESE notes are being written at a moment when the whole of the Derby situation has become involved and deeply perplexing in consequence of the disastrous news about Cragadour. By the time they are with the reader it should be known one way or the other how it has gone with the erstwhile favourite for the race at Epsom on Wednesday week. The news could not well be worse at the time of writing, because when a three year old which has a history of splint trouble pulls up sore towards the close of a Derby preparation, it can only signify one thing—a recurrence of the trouble. I shall hope against hope that the trouble is not as bad as it seemed, but I am very, very doubtful.

If it should happen that Cragadour cannot be started for the Derby, I shall look upon him as an astonishingly unlucky horse, for I shall always believe that he ought to have won the Two Thousand Guineas instead of being beaten a head by Mr. Jinks. Had he kept all right, I should never have wavered in my opinion that he would win the Derby.

They did not start Cragadour for the Newmarket Stakes last week in order that no undue risk should be run in the case of a colt holding such a bright chance of winning for Lord Astor his first Derby. Perhaps, if he had run, he would not have had to do the hard gallop on the Friday at the end of which he was seen to pull up sore and leg-weary. And if he had run, would he have won? It is my opinion that he would have done so, after seeing Hunter's Moon, Mr. Jinks and Midlothian run home practically head and head with only inches separating them, in the order in which I have written their names.

We saw Mr. Jinks beaten by a better stayer in Hunter's Moon, who in a fortnight had come from fourth place in the Two Thousand to overcome the winner of that race. It must, then, have been a case of better stamina deciding the issue, as it is inconceivable that Hunter's Moon could make so much headway in the time. Having said that Cragadour was an unlucky loser of the Two Thousand Guineas through his jockey being tied down by orders, and also through having lost too much ground by coming over from the extreme outside to the near side of the course, it follows that he would most probably have beaten Hunter's Moon and the rest for the mile and a quarter race later.

However, that is merely conjecture. Let us address ourselves to the facts. The time of the Newmarket Stakes was



HUNTER'S MOON, WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET STAKES, A MUCH FANCIED CANDIDATE FOR THE DERBY.

so good as to suggest a strong gallop throughout, but a strong following wind and top-of-the-ground going would be factors in favour of it. R. Jones, who rode Brienz for Mr. Somerville Tattersall, told me that they did not race until reaching the Bushes. Up to that point Hunter's Moon had been compelled to make running, though his jockey, Weston, had not been willing to do so. However, the riders of Mr. Jinks and Midlothian left him with no choice in the matter.

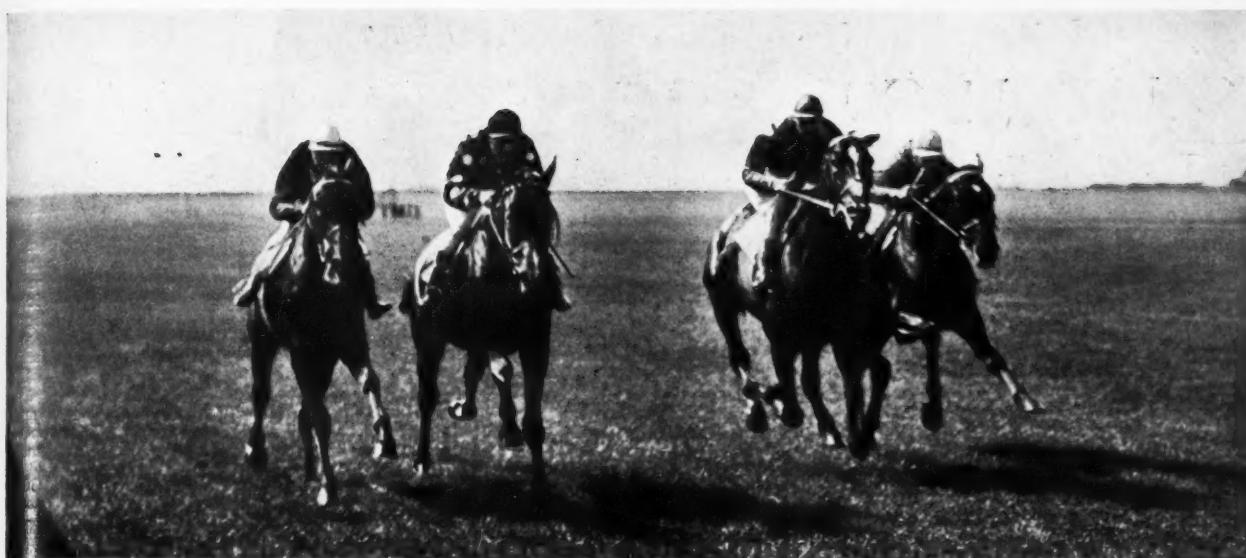
Arrived at the Bushes with the descent into the Dip, both Mr. Jinks and Midlothian were given their heads, and, with Hunter's Moon in the centre, they got in a first run on that colt. When Weston really set Hunter's Moon alight, he was first to get his head in front on the rising ground to the finish. Both Mr. Jinks and the colt in Lord Rosebery's colours, however, appeared to head him again, showing the courage of both, but in the last few strides the stamina of Hunter's Moon told, and he just gained the verdict by the narrowest possible margin, with exactly the same margin keeping Midlothian out of second place. You can imagine what a thrilling event it was, and with what doubts the judge's award was awaited.

I have seen a vast number of races on this course, many of them with big stakes at issue, but I cannot recall anything in which three were concerned to match this glorious finish for the Newmarket Stakes of 1929. I have pointed out how Hunter's Moon's win indicated rapid improvement, but if this were so in this case, how very true was it in the case of Midlothian! In the race for the Two Thousand Guineas Lord Rosebery's colt had collapsed rather badly, though his trainer, Jack Jarvis, had expressed much confidence and expected him to win. He could give no reason for the sudden collapse: neither could his jockey, Elliott. They could only suppose he had rapped a leg in the tremendous gallop. That something of the sort happened was shown now by the way he made a great bid to defeat Mr. Jinks and Hunter's Moon.

Mr. Jinks probably failed because he is not a natural stayer, and I shall not make him my first choice a week hence for the Derby, even though his record is really very good indeed. I would rejoice to see "Atty" Persse train the winner of the Derby, but on looks, breeding and his "all out" way of finishing his races this year I feel Mr. Jinks will not be equal to the job.



PENNYCOMEQUICK, WINNER OF THE HAVERHILL STAKES.



Frank Griggs.

THE RACE FOR THE BURWELL STAKES.
Left to right : Fairway (The Winner), Silver Spoon, St. Jerome and Saracen.

Copyright.

The case of Hunter's Moon is different. We saw what a difference the extra quarter of a mile of the Newmarket Stakes made to him. It enabled his stamina to operate, and certainly his breeding gives confidence in that respect, for while his sire, Hurry On, has produced staying classic winners, his dam, Selene, was a grand little stayer. Always bear in mind that the race for the Newmarket Stakes is a capital test of stamina and a sound trial for the Derby. I did not see the victories of Donovan, Isinglass, Ladas, Galtee More, Diamond Jubilee, Cicero and Sunstar in their respective years, but they all went to take rank as Derby winners. Two years ago the winner was Call Boy, who proceeded to win the Derby, and though no one can claim that his chance is outstanding, I certainly respect the Derby prospects to-day (influenced, of course, by what has happened to Cragadour) of Hunter's Moon. On the day of the Newmarket Stakes I should have added Midlothian's name to his. Lord Roseberry's colt was nominated in 1927, and the old rule by which an owner's death voids a nomination held good until the 9th of this month. His entry for the Derby therefore becomes void.

I shall not dwell on the amazing bad luck of Lord Astor where the Derby is concerned. Apparently, it is never going to change, but at least he has something to be thankful for that the blight does not extend to the many beautiful fillies bred by him. So now we find him with another undeniable chance of winning the Oaks, this time with a charming filly named Pennycomequick, a daughter of Hurry On from Plymstock. Only once was she out as a two year old, on which occasion she won easily at Newmarket, but they were not a very gay lot that finished behind her.

Next we have her brought to Newmarket again, this time for the Haverhill Stakes for fillies on the first day of last week's meeting. She was reported to have shown great merit in private, and she won easily, I thought, by three parts of a length, the distance of this public trial being nine furlongs. Pennycomequick is a dark bay or brown, with plenty of growth, though in no sense a big one in respect of stature. Where she is so very good is behind the saddle, her quarters being wide and thick, with muscle right down to the hocks. She has a beautiful, bloodlike head with the outlook and expression of a really good one, as, indeed, I believe her to be.

After the race for the One Thousand Guineas, I believed Sister Anne would probably win the Oaks, but we had not then seen Pennycomequick. Her appearance and her success have changed the prospect. Unless I am much mistaken, she may prove to be the best filly ever bred by Lord Astor, and that would mean including such celebrities as Book Law, Saucy Sue, Pogram and Short Story. It is interesting to add a few details about the dam Plymstock. She is a daughter of that great sire Polymelus, from Winkipop, who has the distinction of winning Lord Astor's first classic race—the One Thousand Guineas. Winkipop was by William the Third from Conjure. Plymstock ran six times and won three races, including the Trial Stakes at Ascot and the Select Stakes at Newmarket. Pennycomequick is her first foal, and I see in the three year old far more of a likeness to her grandsire Polymelus on the dam's side than to her own sire, Hurry On. We may be sure, however, that she gets much of her racing merit from Lord Woolavington's very famous horse.

Polymelus, again, is brought to mind by Fairway. He is the grandsire of the horse on the sire's side, and I look upon Fairway as the best racehorse in the country to-day. He is, indeed, a champion. Most exemplary was his way last week of winning the Burwell Plate of a mile and a half. He may not have had a deal to do. Perhaps we are too prone to assume that much in appraising the performance of a good horse. I will say, therefore, that it was in a very finished way that Fairway made

his first appearance as a four year old and went through with his job. He has improved out of all knowledge.

He had to thicken and show the usual evidence of maturity. He was inclined to be so light and shallow at one time that some critics felt he would never be anything else. But they should see him now, devoid of any suggestion of grossness, but with the thicker and stronger neck of the four year old, the middle piece strong, too, and a filling out of his thighs and second thighs. He is still the same perfect piece of machinery when in action, and, altogether, I got the impression last week that he is never likely to be beaten again.

What wonderful resources are Lord Derby's, both as the foremost breeder and the leading owner in the land. I saw a beautiful foal by Colorado the other day. It was a reminder of the great potentialities, as a sire, of that horse. Then we have Fairway, with brilliant prospects at the stud when the time comes; and Hunter's Moon bidding most seriously for Derby honours. There is no end to it. The owner just goes on from strength to strength, unchecked seriously, but always with his breeding policy justified most brilliantly.

I do not think the two year olds seen out during the spring season at Newmarket were up to the average, but I am sure we saw an exceptional one in the Aga Khan's splendid filly Quarrat-al-Ain. We are next to see her out at Ascot for the Queen Mary Stakes. Oceana is a filly that won twice, and Sir Berkeley Sheffield won two races with the big colt Raphannock, by Knockando; but such leading owners as Lord Derby, Lord Dewar, Lord Woolavington, Lord Glanely and the Messrs. Joel have still to produce one of any note. I hope they have something up to standard to produce for Ascot.

PHILIPPOS.

Supplement to the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, by Earl Bathurst. (Constable, £5 5s.)

THIS important supplement is intended to rectify two weaknesses of the original book. The latter started only at the year 1800 and, with certain packs, no record was made of hounds if only bred from other Kennels—or of drafted hounds. The present supplement deals with the Duke of Beaufort's (1803-44), the Duke of Rutland's (1757-1844) and the Earl of Yarborough's Hounds (1746-1844); also the Burton, the Cottesmore, the Fitzwilliam, the Quorn, the Duke of Leeds', the Earl of Scarborough's and Mr. Foljambe's Hounds, between dates varying from 1732 to 1861. The Supplement has a list of some hundred and fifty subscribers, headed by His Majesty the King and including more than one hundred Masters of Foxhounds, of whom eight are Masters in the United States. The interest of the volume is for those actively engaged in breeding, of whom a number have supplied records which have unravelled a good many tangles. A few tangles inevitably remain, and the book closes on a footnote to Mr. Osbaldeston's Hector, a footnote which is almost a heart-cry—"The Brocklesby Hound List calls him Lord Ducie's Hector, but is probably wrong." Of 400 pages a score are devoted to acknowledgment and comment, the remainder being Hound Lists with explanatory footnotes. Occasionally, explanation itself seems to need a footnote—as when an astonishing (but not unreasonable) doubt is raised as to whether it is the M.F.H. or his records which "have long since disappeared, probably destroyed as waste paper"!

C.

In Red Deer Land, by Anne Richardson. (Cox, 2s. 6d.)
WE laid down this charming little book with a desire to make straight for Exmoor and cease not from searching till we, too, had seen a warrantable stag standing—

" . . . Master and Lord of the herd
Lithe as a lion and light as a bird";
till we, also, had watched a hind's ways with her calf, and stored for ourselves such memories of the wild and beautiful, in form, colour and motion as our author makes us long to enjoy. Her chapters on fox, badger and hare are no less successful; indeed, our copy of the book has gone to its rightful place on the shelf, beside the Hon. John Fortescue's "Story of a Red Deer," and it could be accorded no higher or more fitting honour. We cannot have too many of such little volumes, inspired alike by love and knowledge of Nature. P. H. L.

THE ESTATE MARKET

CURZON COLLECTION: MONTACUTE

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., to sell the old English and Italian furniture, Persian carpets, Italian and Oriental embroideries and the pictures at Montacute House; in fact, the entire collection of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and an auction will be held on July 10th and 11th. Among the items are a William and Mary oyster walnut coffer, with seaweed marquetry panels, a Chinese black and gilt lacquer cabinet on Charles II gilt wood stand, an old English lacquer cabinet on Georgian gilt wood stand, a Flemish carved oak cabinet, Venetian carved walnut settees and chairs, the panels in Renaissance embroideries, a Portuguese gilt cabinet on walnut arched stand, an Elizabethan oak State bedstead elaborately carved in scrollwork and foliage (formerly in the collection of Lord Portsmouth at Eggesford), pieces of Jacobean, William and Mary and Queen Anne furniture, Dutch brass chandeliers, pricket and other candlesticks, a Louis XV gilt candelabra, a four-leaf screen, the panels of early Italian floral embroidery, a sixteenth century screen of four panels embroidered in coloured silks and gold and silver threads. The pictures include two examples by J. Wootton and one by Van Der Meulen.

The date of the auction of Montacute is not yet fixed, but the joint agents, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., are getting on with the particulars of this magnificent Elizabethan mansion and its gardens of superb beauty, and the 300 acres, in the market by order of Mr. G. A. Phelps, a descendant of the builder of the seat. As an example of continuity of ownership Montacute has an added attraction.

A COTSWOLD MANOR: AUCTION.

AVENING COURT, the Gloucestershire seat of Mr. F. C. Minoprio, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on June 11th, the ancient manor house with its pleasure gardens, the stone dower house (dated 1704), cottages and the lordship of the manor. The estate extends to 544 acres, but the residence could be acquired with only 126 acres. A trout stream flows through the property, and the gardens are some of the most celebrated in the county. Avening was formerly one of the manor houses of Sion Abbey (1534) mentioned in Cromwell's "Inventory." The Abbey of Sion, Middlesex, was one of the richest in England. At the Dissolution, Henry VIII granted Avening to Andrew, Lord Windsor, whose descendant sold it to the Sheppard family, from whom, in the eighteenth century, it passed to the Playnes.

Sibdon Castle, Shropshire, will be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on June 25th. The castle, a battlemented manor house, stands on the site of a manor recorded in Domesday. The estate extends to 620 acres. The residence, a fine example of domestic architecture of the seventeenth century, contains old oak panelling. The Domesday says of Sibdon: "— Picot holds Sibetune. Suen held it and was a free man. There 2 hides pay geld. There is land for 3 ploughs. In demesne these are 1 and 4 acres. And 2 radmans with 1 plough. Wood for fattening 100 swine." The manor was held in 1165 by Henry de Sibbetune, and the family remained on the manor until 1326.

Sir Philip Waterlow, Bt., has sold No. 24, Carlton House Terrace, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, to Sir Edward M. Iliffe.

This week Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been selling, at Littlestone-on-Sea, building plots and small residences. The district has developed rapidly since the first auction nearly two years ago. The miniature railway, made originally from Hythe to Littlestone, has been extended across the beach to near Dungeness Lighthouse. The Littlestone golf links are well known and a second club has been formed recently.

Horsey Island, off Walton-on-the-Naze, extending to 930 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It includes some of the finest wildfowl shooting on the East Coast.

The late Lord Barnby's executors have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer 839 acres of farms and woodlands at Ramskill, Yorkshire.

Athena, Ware, on the southern slope of High Cross Hill, is to be offered, at Hanover Square, on June 12th, 13 acres on the Cambridge Road.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, REGENT'S PARK.

THE Crown lease for sixty-three years from 1911 at a ground rent of £540 a year—that is, an unexpired term of forty-five years—of the Regent's Park property of 12½ acres, St. Dunstan's, is for sale by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Regent's Park, a tract of 472 acres, was laid out in 1812. The largest of the many private enclosures within the Park is St. Dunstan's. The house was designed by Decimus Burton (architect of the Athenaeum Club and other notable London features, as well as of a church and many houses in Tunbridge Wells, where he lived for a long period) for the third Marquess of Hertford, as a suburban retreat on a larger scale than any other in the Park at that time. The residence is in the Italian style, the elevation being imposing and distinctive, and the entrance portico is supported by eight Athenian columns similar to those in the vestibule of the Temple of the Winds at Athens. The roof is Venetian, with a large tent-shaped canopy finished in copper. The ground floor of the mansion is occupied solely by the reception and entertaining rooms, all of which are lofty and well proportioned, and form a suite such as cannot be found in any other residence in the West End. The decoration of the principal rooms is marked by dignity with simplicity, and magnificent park views are obtained from all the chief apartments. In 1913 the property, which was then in the occupation of the Earl of Londesborough, was purchased by the present owner for his own occupation, but, on the outbreak of the war, Mr. Otto Kahn offered it to the Government free of all expense, and St. Dunstan's became the headquarters where Service men blinded in the war were cared for, with the result that the name of the property has acquired a world-wide significance. The work, under the supervision of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, was carried on there until 1918, when the headquarters were transferred to St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park; but it was not until the early part of 1928 that the property was finally evacuated by the Blinded Soldiers' Hostel. When St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street was demolished in 1830, the clock was purchased for £210 by the Marquess of Hertford, who transferred it to the present position.

"LUTYENS" AND "JEKYLL."

THE exquisite riverside residence, The Deanery, Sonning, with Little Deanery, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and in gardens laid out by Miss Gertrude Jekyll, surely the finest combination of perfect art that could be imagined, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, at the Mart next month. We hope to refer to this property at some length on another occasion. It has been the subject of illustrated references in COUNTRY LIFE. The coming auction presents an enviable chance to someone to secure a pleasureaunce of unexcelled delight.

Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, with Messrs. Stanley Hicks and Son, have sold the freehold mansion, No. 3, St. James's Square, which is to be reconstructed for business. The mansion, on the east side of the Square, was at one time used as the Tithe Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture. The west side of the Square, says an old writer, "was not very respectably tenanted" in its early days, and he named in particular "Moll Davis, one of the King's mistresses, and Arabella Churchill, mistress of James, Duke of York, and mother of the Duke of Berwick." On that side of the Square are Winchester House, a Crown property, and the noble Adam mansion, designed in 1771 for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and for the last ten years the estate offices of Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE SALES.

A CLIENT of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard has purchased Woodyates Manor, on the Dorset and Wiltshire border.

The charming manor house dates in part from 1630, with much modern work and some splendid paneling. The area of the estate approaches 1,000 acres.

This is another important transaction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, whose current sales effected include Le Mote, 231 acres at Pebmarsh; and, jointly with Messrs. Pritchett and Ellis, Nos. 1 and 2, The Grove, Highgate, houses adjoining that in which the poet Coleridge was sheltered and restored to health by Dr. Gillman, about 100 years ago. The recent sales by the St. James's Square firm include, within a fortnight, besides the great transaction in Chelsea, now well over £100,000 worth of Hampstead and Highgate house

AN OXFORD COLLEGE ESTATE SOLD.

FRYERNING HALL, Ingateshaw, was to have been offered on behalf of Wadham College, Oxford, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Hilliard and Sons, but it has been sold as a whole, the beautiful house, dating from the sixteenth century, and 170 acres.

Sales by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock include The Rectory, Knebworth, and 3½ acres, on the confines of Knebworth Park. The property, 400ft. above sea level, commands extensive views.

Messrs. Fox and Sons have sold by private treaty the freehold residential property, Newington Park, near Tavistock, a comfortable residence with 40 acres of grass.

Under instructions from Hampshire County Council, Messrs. Fox and Sons offered for sale by auction in Bournemouth sites in Castle Lane, on the outskirts of Bournemouth, and ten sites were sold for £3,920.

The expert in restoring houses will find a wonderful opportunity in Ivy House, Broadway, which is offered by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. This is a beautiful little gabled cottage of Elizabethan date, in the heart of the Worcestershire village.

Town house sales by Messrs. Deacon and Allen include Nos. 55, Great Cumberland Place; 11, Dawson Place (freehold); 14, Stanhope Place; and 20 and 26, Cambridge Square.

That the announcement recently of the coming sale of Smallfield Place has attracted much attention among the admirers of choice historical residential properties is not surprising, seeing that rare qualities of that kind the small estate unites nearness to London, being at Burstow, close to Reigate. The agents are Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor.

A HAMBLE RIVER PLEASAUNCE.

YACHT anchorages on the Hamble River, near Southampton, are included in Holly Hill, a house built in 1905, with 105 acres, at Sarisbury Green. The property is to be sold at Southampton on July 4th, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Fox and Sons. The pleasure grounds are shaded by beautiful timber with flowering shrubs and evergreens, flanked by clumps and masses of rhododendrons. There are well kept lawns with tennis courts, herbaceous borders and rose beds and azalea beds, woodland walks lead to the Hard on the River Hamble and to a chain of ornamental lakes with islands surrounded by woodland and rhododendrons, pagoda boat house and lily pond. There is a long avenue of rhododendrons forming a tunnel walk. Enclosures of grass and about 80 acres of woodland, including numerous larches and forest timber of good growth, add to the beauty of the estate.

North Breache Manor, Ewhurst, 272 acres, with house designed by Sir Aston Webb, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Bentall, Horsley and Baldry.

Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey have sold an old-fashioned property close to Tisbury, known as Whitehill, Chilmark, for £2,000.

Hilton Manor, four and a half miles from Bridgnorth, a Georgian residence with gardens intersected by the River Worfe, providing trout fishing, and 535 acres of good shooting, is for sale by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. They have sold The Firs, Cirencester; Vicarage Farm, Minety; and Five Trees, Tetbury; the last-named was formerly the residence of Mr. Haigh, the artist. Bentham House, Purton, has been let to General Merchant. This is a stone Cotswold residence with 28½ acres.

ARBITER.



THE neighbourhood of Llanover is one of the most attractive in South Wales. It lies in the valley of the Usk—that broad and swift, stony-bedded river with salmon and trout in it, and Caerleon most famous on its banks. The Usk valley is a rich parkland with finely grown luxuriant trees—a flat landscape of many miles—but beyond and on all sides are uplifted the blue mountains that give it a quiet loveliness of colour. Scattered about among the trees are ancient farmhouses, places built with a yard measure instead of a foot rule, thick-walled, great-chimneyed, stoutly roofed with oak timbers carrying heavy slates, and here and there within them such sight of home baking and dairying as makes a stranger's eyes glitter at the end of a day's tramp.

Upon the road from Llanover to Abergavenny two fields were selected by Lord Treowen whereupon to build a new village, away from the dangers and noise of traffic, with cottages of larger capacity than those of the original village and, if possible, not less attractive in appearance.

One problem of the site chosen was that the prettiest views were all to the north and east, while the land rose steadily southwards, with only the silhouette of a hilly field hedgerow against the skyline for view. So the concentration upon the near interests—the gardens, the green, the war memorial and

LLANOVER, A NEW VILLAGE
IN MONMOUTHSHIRE,

DESIGNED BY
MR. ALFRED H. POWELL.



BLOCK OF TWO COTTAGES.

the neighbours' cottages—seemed better than attempting the greatly difficult combination of north and south. Seeking a nucleus the architect, Mr. Alfred Powell, took two large oak trees standing about the middle of the site between the two fields in a hedgerow running at right angles to the main Abergavenny road, and made them the centre of the village green—a square to be, of 185 ft. each way—bisected by a footpath



GENERAL VIEW SHOWING COTTAGES FACING VILLAGE GREEN, WITH THE MOUNTAIN AS BACKGROUND.



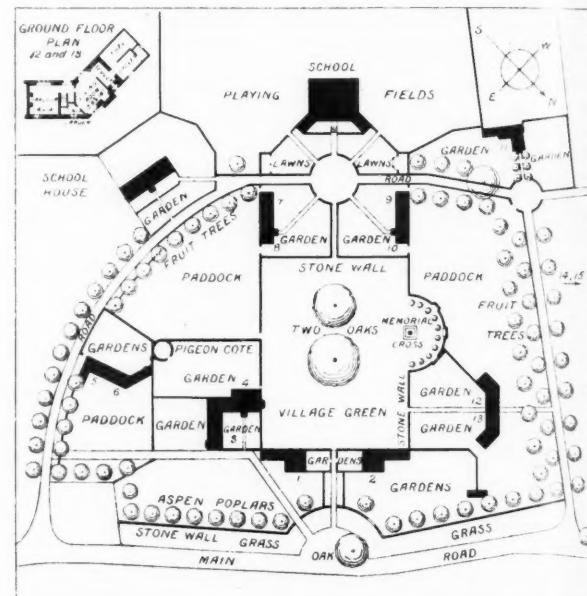
THE WAR MEMORIAL WITH COTTAGES BEHIND.

passing under these oaks, with one end upon the road and the other ending opposite the school.

The square of the green having been settled and staked out, one side of it was extended in an arc to enclose at its centre a monolithic, uninscribed war memorial. Lombardy poplars flanked the wall, and a recess containing a long Welsh inscription to the fallen came in the centre of the apse. The stone of the monolith had long lain unused in the Park, and Lord Treowen was pleased that at last it found so good an end. A delicate floriated iron cross made by a county blacksmith, and gilded, was set in the point of it, and large blocks of unhewn rock formed steps around it as a base. This done, the cottages were started, and Mr. Powell was allowed to build them as wisely and well as he could with the best common materials liberally used. The work could not have been in better hands, for Mr. Powell has the sympathetic knowledge and experience that enable him to create new cottages which are as good as the best of the old ones to look at, and far more comfortable to live in. His is the art of the builder-architect. It is not a mimicry of the past, in externals, but a continuation of the unaffected country manner of erecting houses. Whatever he does fits sweetly into the landscape; this is largely the outcome of a right use of materials. The delightful cottages at Chantmarle, in Dorset, which were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE about a year ago, were a vernacular essay in flint and brick and thatch. In the present instance the walls have been built with local stone taken from the nearer mountain flanks. Much of the timber was local oak and larch. The windows were made by a county blacksmith and the roofs covered either with stone slates from near by or with selected Welsh slates. When finished the cottages were whitewashed, in the same way as all the old local cottages had been. Trees were planted along the roads serving the village, and already the gleam of white buildings through the leafage has realised part of the beauty aimed at from the first. The first cottage built was christened by the workmen

Ty Powell, and as the other cottages rose one by one a seemly and pleasant village, albeit a small one, was seen to be coming into being, surrounded by much natural loveliness and with an aptness of its own to blend happily with the country scenes around. Such an achievement, however much due to Mr. Powell's understanding and foresight, could never have been possible without Lord Treowen's quick perception and enthusiasm for what was best suited to the site and the people. So we have here the happiest example of collaboration. One could wish that all such building on the countryside were as well conceived and as fittingly carried out. There could then be no need for national societies to be ever on the

watch for the despoiler. But, unfortunately, the fact is otherwise; and if the beauty of England is to be preserved it will only be by continually protesting, on the one hand, and endeavouring to enlighten public opinion on the other. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



LAY-OUT PLAN OF VILLAGE.



ENTRANCE TO VILLAGE GREEN WITH FLANKING COTTAGE.



DETAIL OF PORCH ENTRANCE.